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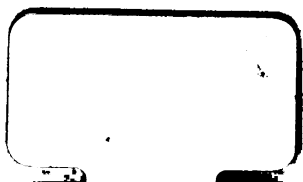
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# Diary of a Trip to South Africa

ON

R.M.S. TANTALLON CASTLE.

BY

DAVID S. SALMOND, <sup>7</sup> 15

GLASGOW.

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SECOND EDITION. NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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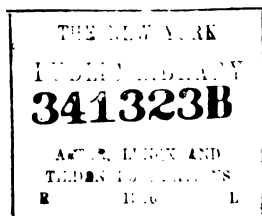
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**BRIDGE DECK**

UPPER DECK.

LOWE'S PRICING



Journal of Interpersonal Violence 28(1)

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE following pages appeared first in the columns of the "Arbroath Herald." This explains their many local allusions. They were written during the fatigue and excitement of travel. This fact may bespeak leniency with reference to literary and other blemishes. However, the vividness of first impressions noted on the spot may afford some compensation.

Beyond the addition of a few notes, the pages appear almost unaltered in this second edition.

Mr Gladstone, on perusal of pages 109 to 111, a few months before his death, wrote as follows to the author:—"I am glad to see you approved of a policy which I pursued amidst much obloquy, but have never repented of."

Current events add pathetic interest to recollections of a trip to the Transvaal, made shortly before the unfortunate events of the last days of 1895 and the first of 1896.

GLASGOW, *August 1899*





*Tantallon Castle, East Lothian.*

## Diary of a Trip to South Africa.

R.M.S. "TANTALLON CASTLE,"

THURSDAY, 4th April.

SOME friends, including Rev. Mr Norwell and Mrs Norwell, met us on board this magnificent ship at Blackwall, London, this evening to bid us good-bye. My wife and I have got a spacious cabin. At seven o'clock we sat down to a splendid dinner in the gay and beautiful saloon. Decorated in light yellow and gold, and upholstered with a purple-looking satin and bright crimson leather the place looks like a fairy palace. About 120 can conveniently dine at once. We are much struck with the splendid service. Our ship goes off early to-morrow morning



**South Africa and the Castle Line.**

Now that the world is talking about South Africa, it is hard to realise the position of the country a quarter of a century ago—almost as difficult as it is to imagine what South Africa may be twenty-five years hence.

Diamonds were discovered as early as 1867, but their existence at Kimberley was not suspected until 1870. Two years later the city, which afterwards became one of the wonders of the world, was little more than a large and disorganised camp.

In 1870 Prince Alfred, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, performed the opening ceremony at the Cape Town docks, and in 1872 responsible government was granted to Cape Colony.

In that year it may be said that the history of modern progress in South Africa commenced, a progress so dependent upon the support and interest of the Mother Country, that the tale could not be told without constant reference to the gradual development of the means whereby communication was first made possible, and eventually brought to its present high state of efficiency.

The Castle Line commenced operations early in 1872 with the "Iceland" and the "Gothland," both vessels of about 1400 tons.

The charge for carrying letters at that time was 1s per half-ounce, and the contract time between England and Cape Town thirty-seven days. The Union Steamship Company held the monopoly of the mail service, but an extension of their contract by Mr Robert Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, met with so much opposition that the House of Commons refused to ratify it, and the Union Steamship Company's rights were allowed to expire in 1876.

In the meantime the Cape Parliament made an allowance to the Castle Line for the carriage of letters, and granted an additional bonus of £100 per diem for delivery of the same within the stipulated period of thirty-seven days, a concession which resulted in a gain to the Company of £1000 per voyage.

When the postal contract was renewed in 1876, the mail service was equally divided between the Castle and the Union Lines, an arrangement ever since adhered to. The charge for letters has now been reduced to 2½d per half-ounce (it will shortly be still further reduced to a penny) and the contract time to nineteen days.

From 1873 to 1876 the Castle Fleet consisted of two vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 2800 tons. At the present moment, with the completion of the "Carisbrook Castle" and the "Braemar Castle," it consists of seventeen vessels, with a total tonnage of about 100,000 tons. Boats of 10,000 tons each are being added this year to the fleet.

The policy which has added so large a contingent to our mercantile marine has been simple in the extreme. From first to last the wish of the managers has been to organise a fleet of uniform speed and safety, to meet the requirements of their customers in every possible manner, and to perform their engagements faithfully. Those who have served others so well have known how to choose servants for themselves, and it can be confidently asserted that no more honourable body of men exists than the officers, sailors, and employés of the Castle Company.

Before concluding the annals of the Castle Company, mention must be made of an event unparalleled in the history of any other line.

In 1883 the "Pembroke Castle," carrying Mr Gladstone and Lord Tennyson as the guests of Sir Donald Currie, dropped anchor off Copenhagen. Whilst there it was the scene of a banquet at which twenty-nine royal personages, with sixteen distinguished officers and diplomats, sat down together. The company included the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Princess of Wales, with members of their respective families and the royal family of Hanover.

Ships of war of every nationality lying in the harbour manned yards and played the national anthems of those on board the "Pembroke Castle." A greater compliment can never be earned by any vessel of the mercantile marine. The circumstance redounds to the credit, not only of the Castle Line, but of the whole British Empire, whose maritime supremacy lies so near to the heart of every Englishman.

The trip of the "Tantallon Castle" to the Baltic, and its presence during the festivities attendant upon the opening of the new canal in June, 1895, must be fresh in the memory of all. By universal consent this magnificent vessel was acknowledged as the leading representative of the British mercantile marine, its daily movements being recorded in all newspapers side by side with those of the Emperor of Germany's yacht and of the many stately war-vessels gathered together from all parts of the world.

Sir Donald Currie once more had the honour of entertaining Mr Gladstone, who, together with a distinguished company of guests, passed some twelve days on board of the vessel. Lord Tennyson, alas, was absent. Perhaps the death of the Poet Laureate was never more keenly regretted than when the vessel lay

off Copenhagen, and the King and Queen of Denmark and family repeated their visit of twelve years ago. For a second time a Castle Liner was the scene of a royal gathering, which though less numerous than that previously mentioned, gave new prominence to the hearty sympathy existing between Great Britain and a nation with which every Englishman is proud to claim relationship through a common Viking ancestry.—(*Illustrated Handbook of South Africa.*)

FRIDAY, 5th April.

Starting at 8 o'clock, we had the usual tears and cheers at parting. Muffled up in topcoats and rugs it was possible after breakfast to sit on deck for a few minutes at a time. The vessel was perfectly steady all day. Last night, in dock, we had a capital sleep. 'Twixt sleeping and waking I had dreams of old days in the country, and eventually discovered the cause to be the vigorous crowing of cocks, proceeding from a consignment of pure bred fowls going out to improve the Cape breeds. The occasional lowing of the ship's cow added to the illusion. For we did not, like the traditional captain, mistake the cow's trumpeting for a ship's fog-horn ahead of us. The sumptuousness of the dietary warns plain livers (if not high thinkers) like us to be careful in answering the question "What shall we eat?"

### **Menus for a Single Day.**

**BREAKFAST**, from 8.30 till 10.—Porridge, grilled bloaters, grilled bacon and straw potatoes, poached eggs on toast, fried and boiled eggs, plain omelette, minced mutton collops and poached egg, devilled kidneys, chops and steak from the grill (to order), curried mutton, straw and mashed potatoes, rolls and toast. *Cold*—Boiled ham, German sausage. Tea, coffee, and cocoa.

LUNCHEON, at 1.—Pea soup, mutton cutlets, French beans saute, savoury hot pot, boiled calf's head, bath chap and parsley sauce, chops and steaks from the grill (to order), baked and mashed potatoes, stewed apples with rice, shortbread. Cold—Salmon en Mayonnaise, sardines, roast shoulder of mutton with mint sauce, roast chicken, boiled York ham, game pie, pickled pork; roast veal and ham, chicken and ham sausage; celery, cucumber; Stilton, Cheddar, and Gorgonzola cheese; caraway-seed buns, oat-cakes, pulled-bread fruit; coffee.

DINNER, at 6.30.—Olives farcies, anchovy eggs; consommé royale; fried cod steaks, Dutch sauce; mutton cutlets à la reforme, chicken and truffles patties; roast loin of beef with horseradish, leg of mutton boned and stuffed, onion sauce, corned ox tongue with carrots; roast goose, apple sauce, Ptarmigan, curried veal à la Bombay; saute and boiled potatoes, cauliflower, parsley sauce, Canton pudding, lemon jellies, Swiss apple tart, Polish cakes; Stilton, Cheddar, and Gorgonzola cheese, macaroni au gratin; pine-apples, French plums, oranges, Barcelona nuts; coffee.

We find several very pleasant people on board. Two sisters—one delicate—with a brother are going out to settle at the Cape. They were commended to our care for the voyage by an old acquaintance of ours who is their aunt. Another young lady, a very bright Scotch lassie, is also under our protection. Besides these, no less than three young fellows, in the second class, look to us as friends. One is an English Rector's son from Cumberland, introduced by an old friend, and going by the "Tantallon Castle" because we are. The birr of the huge anchor chain at 10 o'clock warned us that we had reached Southampton waters, and we soon finished our cigars in the comfortable smoking-room and retired to bed. But previous to this we had had not a little music in the drawing-room. One lady from London, who is not only an

accomplished player but a very meritorious composer, is such a splendid accompanist, as well as pianist, that there is general regret she goes with us to Southampton only and not to the Cape. I note with some apprehension that it is very wet and blowing half a gale to-night.

SATURDAY, 6th April.

It blows hard this morning, but it is fair. We went on shore—our first visit to the great and rising southern seaport. I noted that our ship is drawing 24 feet of water as we landed in the neighbourhood of the s.s. "Paris," one of the most popular of the Atlantic greyhounds. We saw Southampton under somewhat depressing circumstances. Clouds of whirling dust foretold all too certainly the rain which began to come down in torrents as we returned to the ship. Till six o'clock the deck of the "Tantallon Castle" presented a stirring scene. Scores of passengers and their friends, and literally mountains of passengers' baggage came on board, having arrived by the special Castle Line Express from London. (The cargo is all put aboard in London). Then there were also hundreds of mail bags, and it was very interesting to observe the clever way in which everything was got on board, and found its way to its own place in the huge cellars of this floating "castle." A toot on the foghorn, which must have been heard many miles away, gave unmistakable warning to our friends to go ashore. Some very pathetic scenes were witnessed, particularly in the second and third class. Here

### **A Weeping Mother Clung to Her Son**

—perchance a wayward youth going out to commence on a clean sheet in the far-away land. There, a bride

was bidding good-bye to a fond father—"forsaking father and mother that she may cleave" unto the young man who has made for her a home beyond the seas. But I cannot dwell on such tender scenes which are always associated with the leaving of a ship. We had no such regretful partings to endure. Like many more, with whom we have already got friendly, we are "on pleasure bent." We expect to travel 13,000 miles by sea and 2000 by land, an undertaking which a very short time ago would have taken quite a year. We hope to do it comfortably—even luxuriously—in about ten weeks or so—intending to visit Cape Town, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, East London, Lovedale, Port Elizabeth, and many places between. We hope to see much connected with agriculture, gold, diamonds, and coal, as well as Christian missions.

MONDAY, 8th April.

The last point of English soil we saw on Saturday evening about eight o'clock was the Needles at the S.W. corner of the Isle of Wight. The weather was wet and somewhat stormy, and our gallant vessel curtsied somewhat as she rode over the swell which came fairly bow on. We slept very well indeed on Saturday night, having found an indiarubber bag which my wife considerably brought — and which we got filled with hot water—a great comfort. Sunday morning, contrary to expectation, arose bright and beautiful after the rain storm of Saturday, and in spite of the falling barometer. Our breakfast table showed many blanks, but my wife and I continued all right. A service was conducted by the captain in the saloon, but it was not very well attended. The ringing of the "church" bells brought a

sort of Sabbatic calm over our spirits. The reading desk was covered by the Union Jack and the service was the Church of England order for morning prayer, conducted by Captain Robinson, the lessons being read by Mr Cassidy, the smart first officer. An excellent organist was found amongst the passengers in the person of a gentleman going out on mining business, for a run very similar to our own, but only to last for three weeks. The hymns were most appropriate, and the captain was just as much at home reading prayers as he is in the chartroom, or on the bridge, or presiding at dinner surrounded by a gay circle of ladies.

By Sunday evening we began to fret that we were having the "horrid climate of England"—as our fair Africander ladies call it. As for "puir auld Scotland," I find it is looked upon as a sort of inhospitable shore—like Iceland—where there are only two chance fine days in the course of a year—the rest of the twelve months being Winter! I found some Scotch passengers in the second class busily poring over their Bibles—young men from Ayrshire going out to friends in Johannesburg. I should be inclined—were I a betting man—to back the chance of these fellows to get on.

To-day we are crossing the Bay of Biscay. But this great ship goes nearly as steadily as if we were sailing "doon the water" to Rothesay or Dunoon. By dinner time this evening our lady friends, like butterflies, have put off their chrysalis-like tweeds, and are arrayed in gorgeous raiment. At night, when the ship is ablaze with electric light, and when piano and singing enliven the drawing-room and saloon, the horrors of *mal de mer* are forgotten by even the most chicken-hearted. To pace the deck in the now balmy air, under the bright, full moon, while a last cigar is



being enjoyed, is almost the height of felicity. The ozone, the health-giving sunshine, the regularity of the sumptuous banquets (which all our meals really are),



*Drawing Room.*

are having the most beneficial effect on us. Specially is this observable with regard to the soundness and refreshing nature of our sleep. One's spirits rise in the most satisfactory fashion under the wonderful influence of this charming life.

TUESDAY, 9th April.

Each morning during the voyage, at ten minutes before eight, there is an open-air prayer meeting around the forward hatch. Captain Robinson selects two or three appropriate prayers and collects; the Psalms for the day are read "verse about" by the captain and those present, and the doxology is sung. It is all

over in ten minutes, and this optional "family worship" is attended by passengers from all the classes, and is a very beautiful way of beginning the day. The awnings



*Smoking Room.*

have been put up to-day. The usual games played on deck—deck quoits, curling, and the scores of other games in which both ladies and gentlemen can engage, are prosecuted with great vigour. In the smoking-room cards, chess, and many other quiet games are also played. The notice board gives intimation of all events. To-night a concert drew a large audience to the grand saloon. Though hoarse from having lectured and sung three times during my last week on shore, I had to sing a song. As I am on the Amusements Committee, I especially thought it well to show a good example. My song was "The Irish Emigrant," and I was told that several passengers had tears in their

eyes, feeling the words appropriate to their own case. It must have been this, because I had scarcely any voice at all. We had some capital performances though.



*A High Jump.*

Some zither music was cleverly given. The captain is one of the most capable flautists I have ever heard, and with accompaniments on the piano which were played by most efficient pianists, he gave some classical pieces with great delicacy and finish. But the song of the evening was given by Commander Heugh, who is taking a voyage to restore his health, having received severe wounds in the Nana expedition, in which he nearly lost his life. This gentleman sang an imitation of a Zulu song with yells, clicks, &c. He once before gave it in connection with a Ladies' Sale patronised by Royalty.

Five shillings was the admission to this side show on the occasion. He and another were got up as real Zulus. Mr George Grossmith was the accompanist, and of course played a terrific and appropriate accompaniment. The thing was all a bit of fun and impromptu, and was side splitting. On the occasion at

### **The Ladies' Sale,**

the showman, who was supposed to be keeper of the Zulus, mischievously asked the audience if there was any one in the room who could converse with the Zulus in their native language! Whereupon a man at the back, who had lived in Natal a long time and had picked up some bits of Zulu, asked some questions of the "Zulus." This was a poser. But the "Zulus" got out of the difficulty by looking bland and childlike at the questioner, whereupon the "keeper" relieved the situation by denouncing the innocent man at the back as an imposter who did not know Zulu a bit, but was speaking gibberish! At this stage the London audience, with that sympathy for strangers which is so characteristic, cheered to the entire discomfiture of the only person amongst them all who knew a single word of Zulu!

WEDNESDAY, 10th April.

Last night the moon was full, but a heat haze somewhat obscured its beauty, and darkness fell immediately on the setting of the sun. On retiring to our cabins we were told that we should probably reach Madeira by four o'clock in the morning, and, sure enough, a most refreshing sleep and dreams about sunny seas and blue waters were suddenly interrupted—exactly

at four o'clock—by the stopping of the engines. The hush which followed made footsteps on deck appear very loud. Peeping out of the port-hole which is over my berth, I could descry land and cliffs—not unlike the Red Head at Arbroath, but seemingly 800 or 900 feet high. A steamer lay about 100 yards from us, and her lights reflected in the water showed that we



***Our Cabin.***

were in a very calm bay. Presently noises on deck gave us to understand that there could be no more sleep. My wife and I hurried on deck, and I shall never forget the sensations which I felt on beholding Funchal in the beautiful light of the rising sun. Every bit of the town and bay had for years been as familiar to me—from photographs—

### **As Arbroath Abbey.**

But the colours, the pure clear air, the pellucid water, the perfect repose, and the balmy atmosphere, cannot be reproduced by painters—without mentioning photographers. We soon formed a party of eight to go ashore. There were besides ourselves a very intelligent and amiable vine-grower from the Cape, and his accomplished wife; a smiling, brisk Scotch lassie; the handsome niece of a late Gladstonian cabinet minister; a literary young Dutchman, who speaks English better than we do; and a cosmopolitan Scotsman, who can talk both Spanish and Portuguese like a native. We hired a boat after we had amused ourselves for half an hour watching the diving boys. These lads are the most expert swimmers and divers I ever saw. We saw them dive scores of times after coins thrown from the ship as far as we could pitch them. They never missed one, though they had sometimes to go down twenty feet. The water was so clear we could follow them all the time with our eyes. Occasionally they brought up the coin grasped by their toes, and sometimes in their teeth. The boat we hired was named the “Rob Roy!” For a shilling a-head we were landed on the pier. It was a curious sensation to have our feet again on “terra cotta” (as Mrs Malaprop said). Our cosmopolitan Scotsman took us through the quiet, narrow

streets to Miles' Hotel. There are many fine hotels at Madeira, mostly belonging to Scotsmen. You can board very cheaply at them, the weekly cost being less than at a Scotch Hydropathic.



*Funchal Bay, Madeira.*

**Miles' Hotel**

is a nice cool looking place. The lobby and staircase are white and blue; the bare look gives a sense of coolness, and we were feeling warm with the slightest exertion, though it was early morning. We got a nice cup of coffee; and the view from the balcony where we sat overlooking the garden with its sub-tropical flowers, its roses, cactuses, and vines seemed most delightful to us—so lately escaped from the horrors of an arctic winter in Glasgow. The still air was vocal with birds, and the clear notes of a “shelly” (shelfinch), as we called the bird in Arbroath long ago, recalled the braes of Cairnie. The sun had not yet pierced through the fleecy clouds on the horizon, but the air was as balmy and warm as on a July evening after sunset in Scotland. The clearness made distances seem short as we gazed up that beautiful semi-circular bay with its vine-clad terraces reaching 1000 feet high and backed by wooded mountains as high as Ben Nevis. A more distant range is, I believe, about 6000 feet high. Here is Loo Rock; there Pico Fort; high up are the towers of the monastery; lower is the steeple of the Cathedral with a venerable palm tree under its shadow. We saw something of the Portuguese soldiers—not very smart looking—and we passed a douce-looking elderly priest on his way to early prayers in the black draped Cathedral—(for this is Holy Wednesday). After sipping our coffee, and ordering our breakfast to be ready in an hour and a half, we hired two bullock carros (or sledges). Each was drawn by four patient bullocks and driven by three men and boys. There was no need for the tawdry drapery around the carros as the sun was not shining.

3



for the unearthly shouting at the bullocks by the men and boys as we wended our way up and up the narrow streets. There are no wheeled vehicles, and the cobbled roadway is so narrow that two carts of ordinary width cannot pass each other. There is something extremely quaint and Eastern-looking about the houses and their carefully-trained vines. Wine shops were open here and there, and our drivers smelt of fragrant Madeira wine, even in the early morning. But we neither patronised the "half-way house" wine shop—it is so called—nor treated our drivers to liquor. Up, up, the panting oxen climbed the narrow streets till we emerged on opener ground some 800 feet up the terraced hill. I got out for 300 or 400 yards, and toiled after the carros, and was astonished at the speed the vehicles maintained. Time did not permit us to enter the monastic buildings. And there was such a crowd of carro men, making a perfect Babel with their gibberish that we decided to get into the

### **Tobogganing Cars**

at once for the descent. We found others of our friends had come up by the cog-wheeled railway which also climbs to the monastery. My wife, the ex-Cabinet Minister's niece, and I, had one car. Soon we commenced the slide. Faster and faster we went, a man at either side guiding and controlling the vehicle as we shot the rapid decline. Occasionally the men stood on the runners with one foot, and sometimes with both. The speed was occasionally terrific. Corners were turned like lightning, and the distance, ascended with much toil in an hour and a quarter, was descended in about ten minutes. It is a most exhilarating experience. Glimpses of the bay sometimes appear, with our ship lying far below

us. Then vine-clad hills are seen, when, presto! we run through a narrow lane. Phlegmatic women look on as we shoot along. Little streams are on each side of the roadway, and between the cobble stones is a thick, green, mossy grass, which makes it appear as if we were running over a carpet in some places. Wine, tea, coffee, and hot milk, delicious fish, and very good rolls and bread, with butter (inferior, however, to what we are accustomed to on the "Tantallon Castle"), and beefsteaks (surely cut from oxen which had drawn carriages a few years too long to the monastery) constitute our breakfast *menu*. On the table was a profusion of brilliant flowers, which would be the despair of Scottish gardeners. The service was excellent, and we rose from breakfast in very high spirits, though none of us touched the proffered wine. Some of us had business

#### **At the Post Office.**

Here we were forcibly reminded of the fact that we were amongst the lazy, slow-going Portuguese. What a pity this lovely island is not British! It is a perfect paradise. Indeed, Homer and Hesiod spoke of it as the "Isle of the Blessed," I believe. Things are not much altered since Homer's day, and the inhabitants seem to look upon modern improvements as unwelcome intrusions upon their easy-going life. Beggars are a great nuisance in the place—blind and deformed wretches, and many of them marked by smallpox. Then boys and girls with flowers for sale, picturesque with their dark eyes and gipsy-looking, swarthy faces, are a pleasure at first; but after your arms are filled with bouquets their importunity gets wearisome. We visited the fruit market, and wandered through the streets, with their bazaars and shops open to the streets—

all door, in fact—for an hour, then made for the pier. We had quite a row with the boatman, who insisted on our paying before we started. We found that this prepayment had become a rule since the boatmen were sometimes cheated altogether out of their fare by unprincipled English passengers. Shame to them! But discovering we were not in the "Rob Roy," we soon made it all right by the help of our linguistic friend, and reached the "Tantallon Castle" in good time. Huge lighters had supplied our bunkers with more coal, and soon every trace of coal dust had been removed from the decks. About 10.30 a.m. we were again under weigh. There are very

### Cheap Summer Cruises

by the Castle Line to Madeira and the Canaries. Though it is somewhat warm on the island then, I should not be scared by the heat. The average temperature is not warmer than a good summer day at home, and these we have too seldom! I cannot fancy a more charming experience than the voyage and a week's stay in this delightful place. As I have said, the hotels are cheap. The cuisine on board the steamers is not only good but almost too sumptuous, and the 3000 miles—1500 miles each way—is very cheap per mile. The entire rest, the fresh air, the absence of letters and telegrams, the pleasant society, the games and the regular hours constitute a regimen which is most health-giving. The Bay of Biscay is a mere bogey. On board a Castle liner, its terrors need alarm no one. I am a bad sailor, but I have not missed a meal, and the rest of the way to the Cape can be counted on to be calm.

THURSDAY, 11th April.

Last night most of us retired early, having been somewhat tired out by our morning expedition to Funchal, Madeira. Still, dinner being finished by 8 o'clock, there was some music and dancing. Have I mentioned that there is a very creditable orchestra on board? The players are eight of the stewards. There are three violins, a cornet, flute and clarinet, with tenor and bass brasses. They practise in the forenoon and play every evening. Six electric jets in a cup-like reflector shine on the after hatch where the band is placed; and all around is the ball room. It is a pretty sight to watch the dancers in the quiet warm evening. You must know that almost all the ladies and some gentlemen now dress every evening for dinner. I am sorry I cannot describe ladies' dresses, although I think there is no prettier sight than a company of handsome men and women in evening costume. The exceeding brilliance of the electric light makes the jewellery of the company sparkle. The hot air precludes all necessity for wrapping up. Last night was very dark. This but added brilliance to the scene by contrast with the electric light. There are some

### **Handsome People on Board,**

officers of the army and navy, ladies—mostly young married ladies—from America, Austria, England, Holland, and the Cape. Several of the ladies are strikingly beautiful. One lady, whose married daughter with her child are on board, and who must be over 50, is tall, handsome, and distinguished looking. She would easily pass for 30 when you see her in evening dress. Her daughter is a military officer's wife and would take high rank

in a beauty competition. Mother and daughter would pass for sisters. They are a living testimony to the extraordinary influence of the magical climate of South Africa. For the family belong to an old Cape stock and their manners are of the most refined South African type. This type seems to me to unite much of the ease of the high-lit American with the dignity of our English *Vere de Vere*. We have a splendid specimen of a Washington lady. She is tall, dark, and stout. What a splendid talker she is! I like also to hear her husband talk and sing. He has a fine bass voice and just enough of the Yankee accent to make his conversation piquant. There is a very beautiful Austrian lady of the most refined Viennese type. Fair, with a complexion like alabaster and large teeth of exceeding whiteness, laughing eyes and petite figure; she is, besides, a most charming singer, quite as accomplished as many of our best operatic professionals. There is quite a bevy of laughing, gay English and Cape girls and about ten young married ladies good-looking and refined. Two or three professional nurses in white caps and aprons are on board; one is very attractive and a great coquette. It strikes me there will be

### Several Marriages

as a consequence of this voyage. Last night I was an unwilling witness of the parting for the night of a spooning couple in a quiet corner! The old, old tale, oft repeated, is ever new! We have a few notable men on board—Sir John Willoughby, who planned and carried out the Matabele campaign; Mr Alfred Beit, the enormously wealthy De Beers millionaire, and friend

of Mr Rhodes; Dr Rutherford Harris, the secretary of the South African Company; several South African merchants; Mr Olive, who goes out to be engineer to the Cape Town City Council, and one or two military and naval officers. There are a good few young swells, and one or two well-travelled dowagers, going out for the health trip. One pretty boy of about ten, from Durban, is a particular friend of mine, and we have great games of quoits and bucket rings. We have also some bright children who never tire of the excellent swing erected over the after hatch. To-night we had

### **Three Public Events.**

Rising early from dinner, the Captain asked me if I would care to go and help in the singing at his weekly "Mission Meeting." I readily consented. It was a very interesting sight. Forward at the main hatch, a white cloth was spread on the joiner's bench under the bright electric lamp. Here our handsome Captain took his stand in his blue and gold uniform. After some collects, he read the 17th chapter of John's Gospel. We sang some of Sankey's hymns, led by the Captain playing his big flute. There was an audience of about 150, I believe, mostly second and third class, although I observed some of our bejewelled ladies from the first class standing around in evening dress. The whole ship is now under awnings, and the darkness, relieved only by the rising moon, the phosphorescent waters sparkling like jewels in the darkness, and the varied and picturesquely dressed company around the Captain—tall and stately—made up a scene not to be forgotten. Captain Robinson took as his text a verse from Christ's intercessory prayer, from which he gave

a most impressive and manly evangelistic address. His appeals to those going up country not to forget, in their search for wealth, the better riches, were very touching. It had none of the coarse and rude style so unfortunately often found in revivalists. The incidents from his own experience as an "old skipper" were telling, and withal very modestly told. In concluding, he offered each passenger who had forgotten to bring a Bible a present of a New Testament, if he or she would go to his (the Captain's) room, where he would write the name of the person on the fly-leaf.

At the conclusion of the religious meeting a nice concert was given in the Second Saloon, several "Firsts" taking part. I was only an auditor, so had leisure to enjoy it. By the way, a small newspaper has



*Deck View.*

been started aboard, which contains reports of such events. It is well printed, and the *Tantallon Chronicle* of this morning contains some imaginary news from China as well as London. It is reported that Lord Rosebery has resigned and that Sir William Harcourt has been arrested!

One of the excitements each morning is the Pool on the ship's run. For instance, this morning 100 tickets bearing various numbers were sold at 2s each. This makes a sum of £10. But this does not represent all the Pool. For the tickets are all sold by auction. The likely numbers fetch big prices, and your number will be sold if you don't buy it again yourself. Twice I have drawn a good number. They were sold respectively at 10s and 9s, so that I made 15s of profit. All the proceeds of the roud roll are put into the Pool, which to-day amounted to some £35 or £40. It was divided into three prizes—1st, the winning number gets half the pool, some £20; then ten miles above and ten miles below the correct run each get 20 per cent of the pool, viz., about £8 each to-day. The poor's box gets 10 per cent. of the pool, or about £4 to-day. It is very exciting if you begin to bid. But not being a sporting man, I am content to let my number be sold each day, and to lose the 2s or pocket the profit if any. A prize fund for the sports of next week has been started. Some passengers give as much as £5 5s each. The band gets £16 for its services out of this. The organisation of amusements, &c., is very complete, and the "events" numerous. A bill-posting station for each class is filled now with advertisements.

Two extra meals have been started. About 11.30 a.m. beef-tea is sipped on deck, and afternoon tea is



served at four o'clock in the saloon. The life is most enjoyable, and already after a week on board I feel fit and strong. Since our call at Madeira we have had fresh shrubs and flowers and many new and curious fruits on our luncheon and dinner tables. Every morning, besides the "halesome parritch," many kinds of fruit—such oranges!—and some six or eight cooked dishes of meat and fish are on the table. And each morning at 6.30 our steward brings us a cup of delightful warm coffee as a foretaste. I have counted sixteen kinds of fruit at dinner this week, including pine apples, grapes, &c.

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

Yesterday was Maundy Thursday, and I am reminded of the famous "Maundy Thursday" letter of "Dizzy" when he wished to quiet the fears of the High Church Party. This morning is as usual bright and warm and the sea smooth. Last night the sun went down with great magnificence. I watched him sink into the burnished golden sea, through my port-hole as I dressed for dinner—for I have had to conform in the matter of evening dress. Yesterday, I also made my first visit to the hairdressing saloon to get shaved. So lazy does this lotus eater's life become that I even grudge the bother of shaving myself! The barber is a German, who speaks English very well. His shop is about the best barber's place I ever was in. His hair-brushing machinery is driven by electricity, and all the appointments are equal to those of a good London house. Many ladies get their hair dressed by the barber.

Our course to-day has been quite directly south. We have reached our most westerly longitude, and my watch, which has never been altered from Greenwich time, is now an hour and a quarter fast. The clocks are all altered each morning to the correct sun time. After to-day we go a little towards the east. We entered the Tropics yesterday. On Sunday first at 12, we shall be standing on our own shadows! But only on the bridge is there a space not covered by awnings.

This morning, being Good Friday, all games were laid aside, and no auction took place of the tickets for the run. A service took place at 10.30 in the saloon



*Saloon.*

which was completely filled. It consisted of morning prayer and the reading of the Epistle to the Romans, chapter VIII., by way of sermon. There were lots of hymns, and the singing was good. But a choir is

being organised for Sunday, and we are to have fine music. The daily service at ten minutes to eight is maintained. After luncheon, games and amusements took place as usual. After service, this morning, our excellent organist played "Surely, He hath borne our griefs" (Messiah) as a voluntary, and I afterwards sang the Passion tenor solos also from Handel's immortal work. All very appropriate, wasn't it, for Good Friday? In the evening there was a dance in the third-class quarters, the band playing beautifully.

SATURDAY, 13th April.

To-day we are well within the Tropics, and it is just as warm as we would choose it. Any wind there is, is with us. This morning we passed Cape Verde about three miles east of us, and thus, for the first time, we sighted the Dark Continent—sand hills, crowned by wooded mountains behind—evidently palms. The coast is not far from Sierra Leone, so it was no great stretch of imagination to fancy that the palm trees sheltered lions. We have now got into the region of the flying-fish, and we have seen hundreds of them. They fly much further than I had thought. We observed some keep up for over 100 yards skimming like swallows. Games of various kinds occupied the time to-day. An excellent match at cricket was played between a team of ladies against one of gentlemen playing with sticks and bowling left-handed. The ladies were beaten by 39 to 45 runs. At night there was a capital concert. Hoarse as I still am, I had to sing instead of the Austrian madame, who is still worse than I am with sore throat. I sang "Scots wha hae." There was, after tea, an excellent choir

practice for to-morrow. We have a choir of 38, and the chants and *Te Deum* were well sung, and the Easter hymn went with a will. The Cinderella dance, which concluded the evening, was again a most brilliant scene. Some of our beautiful young married ladies have had a change of gown every night all the week! The warmer it becomes the more gay they become. Since the Needles we have only seen land at Cape Finisterre, Madeira, and Cape Verde. We see no more till we reach Table Mountain. The sea is about three miles deep where we are now sailing, and I would be thought to be exaggerating if I described its blueness. To-night it is perfect for a promenade in the lightest clothing. The ladies were dancing on deck in evening dress and without wraps till past ten.

## EASTER SUNDAY.

To-day has been fearfully and wonderfully hot. At noon I stood on the "burning deck," but not "alone"; and we stood on our own shadows, the sun being right overhead! We have now "wind-sails" in our cabin port-holes, and every clever contrivance for coolness. The wind-sails are like meal scoops which catch any breeze made by the ship's motion, and send it into our cabins. The Easter hymn was heartily sung at the early prayer meeting. The forenoon service was crowded, but we had no sermon, at which we were glad, since the heat got almost unbearable in the saloon. The Captain presented each lady on board with a beautiful fan, and they are very useful now. This is Mrs Robinson's birthday and we are especially gay, in sympathy with our gallant Captain. There must surely be tons of ice on board. The amount consumed to-day

must have been enormous. At lunch and dinner we have real tropical menus now. A whale was seen yesterday, I find, and also several sharks. A ship also was seen to-night after dark, at least her lights were. But otherwise our lookout has been entirely liquid—a gorgeous blue and almost dead calm. A large praise meeting took place after tea—Sankey's hymns—and the choice of tunes went round the company. We sang for over an hour in the forward quarters. No English Church clergyman is on board; but a Wesleyan pastor celebrated Communion in the drawing-room. About a score were present. I was beside an Auld Kirk elder and his wife, who are now Cape Towners. It was their and our first Communion according to English form. We received it standing! We were first served and did not know that the others would kneel. Beside us was an American lady, who tells me she is a member of Rev. Dr Hall's Church, New York—"the richest congregation in Amurrika." It is Presbyterian, and raises £30,000 a year—paying Dr Hall £3000 a year, I believe. The Rev. Mr Stanlake, the Wesleyan celebrant, looked very different in his clerical suit from what he does in his usual Tam o' Shanter and flannels. He goes as a missionary to Mashonaland. There was

### **A Sabbath School**

in the Captain's cabin in the afternoon, and more teachers volunteered than there were children on board. There was a very large audience at the evening service on deck, when we had a scholarly and earnest sermon from the Rev. Mr Stanlake, on "I am the Light of the World." The hymns were very appropriate to our

circumstances and seemed to touch some who are homesick—for instance “Peace, perfect peace, and loved ones far away”—it brought back to some of the audience all the grief of parting—now 3500 miles away—with parents, and brothers, and sisters. Walking on deck afterwards, an unmistakable Red Lichtie voice saluted me. I found the speaker was son of my old friend, Mr Bell, farmer, Gilchorn, and grandson of my older friend, Mr Bell, Cransley, near Easter Fowlis, Dundee. I am writing this early on Monday morning sitting in my cabin and literally almost in a state of nature! Port-hole is open, and the air coming in is like that of an Arbroath yarn-drying stove—such as honest old John Anderson used to manage in Netherward Works. Last night we had tropical rain. It



*Passengers taking it easy.*

comes scarcely in drops — rather streams. But it did little to cool the air. The Southern Cross gets high in the heavens now, and the Plough is very low. To move about is a labour, and one just sits and melts, but it is not unpleasant. I had a bath before dressing for dinner last night. The baths are hewn out of solid blocks of marble and the appointments are splendid. It was cold sea water, clear as crystal, and so salt that it almost blistered my newly shaven face. At the time it was delightful, but I think it made me perspire more than ever. I have now almost got rid of my hoarseness. There is nothing so good for a stubborn cold as two or three days under a tropical sun.

#### EASTER MONDAY.

If our Glasgow friends have as fine a day for their Spring Holiday as we have they will be fortunate indeed. Only I should not wish it to be quite so hot. It is not an irritating heat, however, nor is it such as to put away one's appetite.

This is a sort of general holiday, being Easter Monday. Many ties in the sports were played off, and in the afternoon there was a fancy fair all along the decks. There were shooting galleries, spae wives, "three shies a penny" at Aunt Sally, a menagerie, &c., and all go in for the fun with zest. The band played in fancy costume. The dresses were most ludicrous and showed with how little variety of material capital results can be got. The Highlander and fashionable lady were excellent. Father Neptune was well made up and drawn along the decks on a gun-carriage by a lot of griffins dressed in guano bags! He was the centre of the procession, the band march-

ing with dignity in front. A huge tent which could accommodate an audience of 30 to 40 contained the wild beast show and several "Zulus," &c. The patter of the showmen could not have been surpassed. There was also a baby show. Four were entered and the first prize went to a nice cherub of nine months whose flesh, a matron assured me, was as firm and cool as marble. A doctor, going out to Buluwayo, was judge. His wife hoped the mothers of the three other children would not tear her husband's eyes out ! I notice Sir John Willoughby of Matabeleland out and about now, after an illness he has had. I write in my cabin at midnight. An hour ago

### **We crossed the Equator,**

and a good many ladies stayed up late to see it ! One of the officers assured a bright Irish girl in my presence that three Scotsmen always sat on the line to keep watch on the ships going to the Cape, but that it was so dark to-night we could not see them ! The cabins are not so warm to-night, by reason of the S.E. Trades Wind, into whose region we have now got. The wind is a gentle head breeze of three miles an hour, but added to 16 or 17 knots, it makes a respectable wind, and is "grateful, comforting, and refreshing." Still it is not so strong that ladies cannot parade in evening dress up to midnight. Really, after this I shall not contradict those who speak of the "horrid British climate." It is a pity everyone cannot leave Scotland all winter and go a trip to South Africa, returning after the east winds of April and **May** are over. Just fancy ! Delicate chested people are on board who could not venture out of doors after sunset in Scotland at any time of

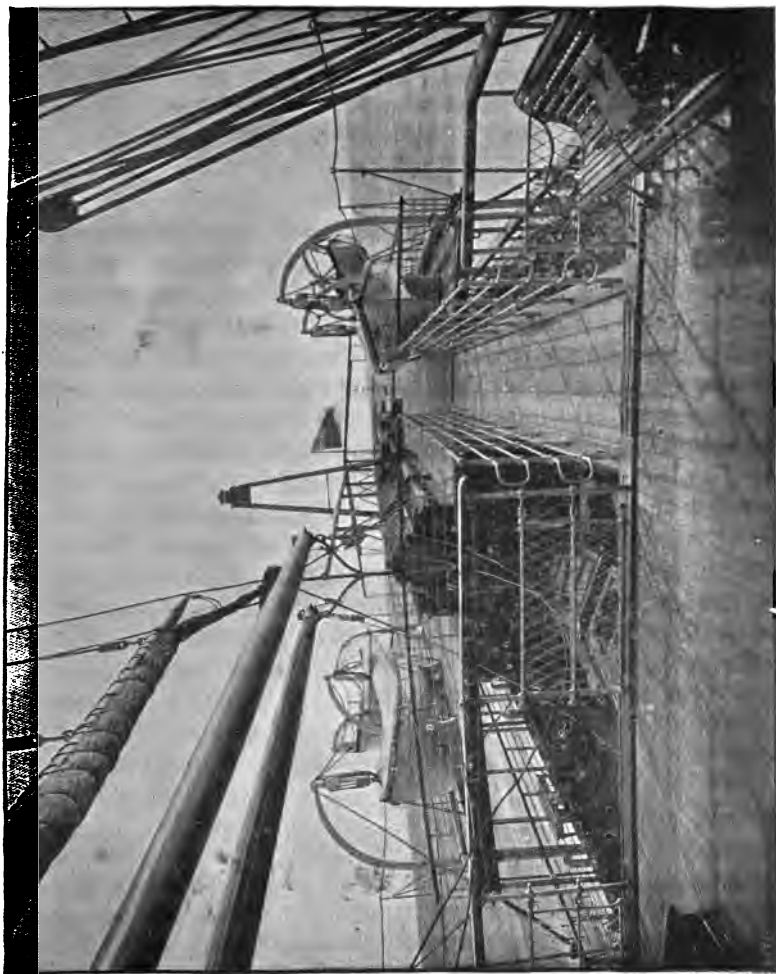


the year. Here they sit out on deck bareheaded, breathing in ozone and getting up a ravenous appetite, and only "turn in" after the band plays "God save the Queen" at 10.30. Already colour is coming into the cheeks of more than one fair girl on board whose life would be perilled by being outside after six o'clock this very evening at home. The half had not been told me regarding the exceeding benefit of a trip like this through the perpetually sunny seas. I don't know what the Cape climate can be like if it beats this. For days there has been no more pitching or rolling than in crossing the Tay at Dundee on a calm summer day. And this is always so for three-fourths or five-sixths of the time in going to the Cape. We shall now quite enjoy a toss if we are favoured with a day or two of it; and I am a "poor" sailor too!

TUESDAY, 16th April.

Another charming day. The ship is steady as a rock. The sea is rippling and as blue as—as—as a fellow who has popped the question and been refused! Yesterday morning's *Tantallon Chronicle* announced an engagement made on board between a young Englishman going out to Matabeleland and the young and pretty nurse whose costume is so chic and whose smile is so bewitching. I am assured there is no joke intended about the engagement. I hope we may all go to the wedding on our arrival in Cape Town. This morning's paper, which is a capital number, confirms the engagement. Last night I found six second-class passengers (all Scotch) singing some of our "Auld Scotch Sangs."

To-day has been given up to the athletic sports.  
I subjoin the programme of them :—



*Deck View : Our Playground.*

**Order of Events—First Day.**

*1st Round.*—Men's potato race ; ladies' potato race ; girls' potato race ; cock fighting ; ladies' egg and spoon race ; men's 100 yards race ; ladies' 50 yards race ; girls' 50 yards race ; children's 50 yards race ; turtle pull ladies' threading the needle.

*2nd Round.*—Men's 100 yards race ; ladies' egg and spoon race ; cock fighting ; turtle pull ; ladies' potato race ; girls' potato race ; men's potato race.

April 16th, 1895.

It was no mere dilly-dallying with athletics. There were many entries, and the events were all keenly contested in presence of a great crowd. A straight course of 100 yards was got for the races. To me the cock-fight, the turtle pull, and the thread and needle race were the most amusing. Trussed like fowls for cooking, the wrists of each being tied together, and a stick passed under the knees and above the arms which clasp the knees, the gentlemen have the possibility of a minimum of motion. Once knocked over, a "cock" is helpless to get up again. The turtle pull is made by two men getting on all fours and looking in opposite directions. A "brecham" is passed over the head of each, and a rope connects both brechams. To see the pull, and watch the slipping, and finally the stronger dragging his defeated opponent along the slippery deck is very amusing. Several of our grandest ladies took part in the thread and needle competition. Twenty yards are run, a needle is picked up and threaded, and carried back to the starting point. This is repeated twice. A young doctor's wife did the threading in a second or so each time, and ran like a deer, beating the handsome

American lady who "guessed that needle of hers was almost blind of an eye." It was hot work even looking on, and but for the awnings the sun would have been insufferable, or "unputupable," as an Arbroath Sabbath School superintendent used to say! A glorious sunset brought us darkness in a few moments and a sky of grand brilliance—as seen from the bridge, out of the glare of the electric-lighted promenades.

### **The Southern Cross**

was very prominent, as well as the dark blue starless patch just below it, and contiguous to the mysterious bright bit of the Milky Way which is also near by. How I wished my dear old friend, Dr Alexander Brown, had been on the bridge beside me to see the grand sight. But I remembered he is gone! And doubtless in the unseen world he knows and sees more of the glories of even the material heavens than we can imagine. To see a midnight tropical sky gives point to the reading of David's enraptured lines in the eighth Psalm. Is that blue starless depth—that avenue between glittering orbs, the way to the eternal throne? I believe astronomers can find no stars in the depths of that celestial cavern of blue. It looks so strange, too, by the side of the Cross! All around, the stars are so thickly strewn as to make the heavens milky white. But here there are none. What is concealed behind that blue curtain?

WEDNESDAY, 17th April.

The record of the weather in this region of the tropics (some 10 degrees south we are to-day) does not present those varieties which are a feature of observa-

tions at home. For days now the only variation has been as to the amount of heat. The sun is always bright and the sea is quiet and blue. (Oh, so blue!) The sports competition occupied the afternoon, while the forenoon was given up to reading, talk, smoking, whist, and quoits. Great keenness marked the various sports which were again witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd. The tug-of-war between first and third-class passengers resulted amidst cheers in the complete defeat of the first-class.

### **The Fancy-Dress Ball.**

The fancy-dress ball took place in the evening. Screened in by sails and decorated with a profusion of banners and under a blaze of electric lamps, the expansive after-deck made a capital ball-room. Many of the characters showed great ingenuity. A lady representing "black and white" was entirely black on one side of her person—even to her nose and shoes—and white on the other; she was very handsomely got up. Some of the young matrons were attired in dresses of different periods, some with powdered hair and patches. Powder and rouge were quite allowed and largely taken advantage of. "Grace Darling" with golden anchor, lifebuoy, and sailor costume, looked very handsome. "Night" was represented by a pretty girl in black covered with stars. "Trumps," a fair lively girl adorned with cards, contrasted well with her dark sister. Many ladies were arrayed in evening dress and sparkled with jewels. A fine-looking young man personated the pretty nurse, who is so popular a toast with the young men. He would have passed anywhere for a lady, and danced as such during the evening. An Arab Chief in brilliant silks and white looked

picturesque. Cooks, sailors, &c., &c., gave variety to the gay scene. But I find it impossible to describe all the various characters. I was the only one on board entirely *disguised*. I was got up as a disreputable Irishman, with whiskers, bald head, red nose, black eye, cord knee-breeches, awful hat with pipe athwart it, old torn dress coat, white vest and stockings, and flaming tie. My stick was a short shillelagh about two inches in diameter. It was somewhat incongruous to see me in the company of ladies in evening dress and sparkling with diamonds! For a time there was great speculation as to my personality. But eventually my Scotch accent betrayed me; for they would insist on talking to me, and Paddy from Cork was identified with the quiet and highly-respectable Scotchman who presides at the starboard side-table! At midnight I disrobed and had a good warm bath, and afterwards sat on deck in thin flannels to cool, a proceeding which, I suppose, any day in the year at home would have ensured rheumatic fever. Cigars and lemon squash, aided by the balmy sea air, restored us to calm, and, retiring at 1.30, I slept deliciously till our steward brought us early coffee. Another nap followed, and then the gong summoned us to the daily prayers conducted by the captain. The whole

### **Evening's Fun**

was so bright and sparkling with good humour and innocent glee, that I sincerely pity any one who could see in our innocent revels anything inconsistent with higher and more serious things. Our gallant captain was master of ceremonies at the dance, and his morning prayer service was not in consequence a bit the less impressive to any one, I should think.

I ought to have mentioned that there was a gold-edged programme, and the supper table downstairs had a profusion of iced and cooling liquid refreshments, and a printed menu of suitable supper dishes. The service and music and all the accessories of the ball were quite excellent. A special word of praise is due to the band. It is really a capital orchestra. For the first time we finished the evening without "God save the Queen." After the final dance, "Auld Lang Syne" was played and sung. It was somewhat incongruous, perhaps, that the verses were led by a disreputable-looking Irishman beating time with a dreadful shillelagh! Still, all seemed to join heartily in the Scottish home song—Arabs, Turks, clowns, cooks, Red Indians, and all.

THURSDAY, 18th April.

Still another bright and perfect day. We are now past the hottest part of the tropics. To-day, at noon, we are 13 deg. south latitude, and just on the longitude of Greenwich, so that my watch, which at Madeira was an hour and a quarter *fast*, is now right time. When we reach Cape Town, I shall find it *slow* by about an hour and a quarter (roughly calculated.) To-day the temperature is perfect on deck. It is possible to sit in the drawing-room to-day without melting if the window be kept open. By-the-way, the satin curtains have been replaced by gaudy light ones for some days, and the chairs and sofas, upholstered in satin brocade, are at present covered with light cotton coverings to prevent discolouration by the bright light.

To-night was prayer-meeting night. Over the main

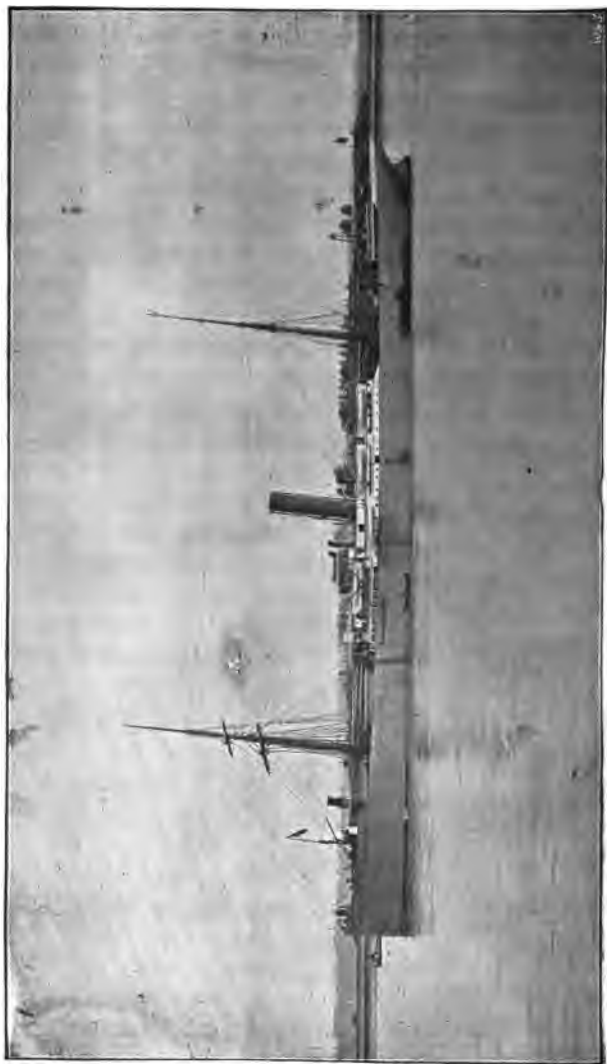
hatch the gathering is held. The captain led the hymns (Sankey's) on his flute, and also offered extempore prayer. His address was a pointed one on the Parable of the Sower, and again he offered New Testaments, with his best wishes, to any who had forgot to put a Bible in their trunks. Just as he was closing, the "look-out" shouted "All's well," and the captain at once turned the incident to good account in his address.

### **The Closing Beats.**

The closing heats in the sports were gone through to-day. In the tug-of-war the 2nd class shared the fate of the 1st at the hands of the brawny 3rd class team. I have been in five events, but though nearly winning in one or two, I get no prize. One severe defeat a partner and I suffered. It was at deck quoits. Our opponents were Sir John Willoughby, Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Matabeleland, and Dr Rutherford Harris (M.L.A. for Kimberley and Secretary of the South African Chartered Company). My partner was Commander Heugh of the Navy. We did not score before our opponents had won!

It was great fun watching the dancing when the band was as usual playing to-night in the principal "square" of this floating city. Two millionaires—one said to be a Cræsus worth no less than ten millions!—were, with an army officer and a naval officer, dancing with some ladies, one a girl of about twelve and another a handsome grandmamma who would pass any day for twenty-eight. It was more romping to the music than dancing. Some of us in the crowd, smoking and looking on from the upper gangways, threw them coppers for the entertainment they had given us. To-night there is a very slight pitching motion, but it comes as a



**S.S. Lismore Castle.**

pleasant variety. I had a very interesting conversation this evening with an invalid Welsh lady who was carried on board. She is much restored already. Her conversation is most instructive. She knows intimately very many in the highest circles in England and Scotland, both in aristocratic and literary circles, and she has travelled a great deal. She was greatly interested in what I was able to tell her about our Scottish churches and great preachers. She knew of M'Leod and Caird in the Established Church, and had read "Religion in Common Life," but she knew no others in the Auld Kirk, and confused Caird of Balliol with his brother. She knew Dr Donald Fraser, Chalmers, Guthrie, "Ian Maclaren," Barrie, and lots more in the Free Church, though she had not heard of Rainy or Dr Whyte. Still I daresay she knows more of Scottish preachers, &c., than I do of Welsh. And she said she had always understood that the flower of Scottish literary and preaching ability was in the Free Church.

FRIDAY, 19th April.

Sunny day succeeds sunny day so regularly that we almost wish for a change. It is still so warm that we are disinclined for even the pleasure of writing to friends. So lazy are we become—so merely receptive in an animal kind of way, that all nature as well as art seems to minister only to our pleasure. The waves roll, the sun rises, shines, and sets, the stars display themselves, the ship speeds on, and all the comforts and luxuries of this noble ship seem meant solely for our ease and pleasure. We loll about the decks, have a cigar and a "two-handed crack," we eat and

sleep just as if Europe and Africa did not exist, and as if all human terrestrial interest were bounded by this vessel's bulwarks and the deep blue horizon. No ship have we seen for days now, only flocks of flying fishes and a few birds now and again. By the way, a third-class passenger managed to catch a flying fish. It is like a herring, with two fins, about an inch and a half broad and three inches long. This evening we had a capital concert. Subjoined is

### The Programme.

Song,..... "May Morning,".....Miss HOOLE.  
 Song,..... "Father O'Flynn,".....Mr PHELPS.  
 Plantation Song,....."The Old Folks at Home."  
 Mr and Mrs JEWELL, Mrs SABEL, and Mr HENDERSON.

Farewell Song, "The Trumpeter of Saeckingen,".....Mr FEHR.  
 Duet,..... "Home Love,"...Mr and Mrs JEWELL.  
 Song,....."German Songs,".....Mrs MENDE.  
 Part-Song,....."Sweet and Low."

Mrs SEDGWICK, Mrs OLIVER, Mr MACKINLAY, and  
 Mr HENDERSON.

Mandoline Solo,.....Mr MATTHEWS.  
 Song,....."Si tu Savais,".....Mrs SEDGWICK.  
 Song,....."Love's Old Sweet Song," Rev. J. W. STANLAKE.  
 Duet,... "The Sailor Sighs,"...Mrs SEDGWICK and Mr GOOLDEN.  
 Song,....."Negro Comic Melodies,".....Mrs SABEL.  
 Plantation Song,....."My Old Kentucky Home."

Mr and Mrs JEWELL, Mrs SABEL, and Mr HENDERSON.

Song,....."The Death of Nelson,".....Mr SALMOND.  
 Part-Song,....."The Chafers."

Messrs SALMOND, GOOLDEN, MACKINLAY, and  
 Captain ROBINSON.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

The following is an extract from this morning's *Tantallon Chronicle* referring to the ball:—"We consider that the success of the evening was Mrs

Watson as "Black and White." Her get-up was simply perfect in every detail. The appearance of Mr Salmond as Paddy was greeted with loud applause. He would have been unrecognisable, but his speech betrayed his true nationality, not that we think that any Scotchman would desire to be mistaken for an Irishman."

The last remark has given offence in some quarters. It is another Irish grievance! Especially is this so, since politics have been more spoken of to-day than ever before.

### **It is Primrose Day.**

Mrs Watson has mostly deftly supplied primrose buttonholes, which she made out of paper, which is just the right shade. Of course in mid-ocean this is all that can be done in honour of the day. Scarcely a Liberal is to be found in the first-class. Still, one gentleman and his wife (he is a successful stock-broker in London and a Wesleyan) came to me and shook me heartily by the hand on hearing that I had said to Mrs Watson that my primrose must be considered to be in honour of Lord Rosebery, whose name, of course, is Primrose!

To-night we have passed out of the Tropics—crossing Capricorn about 11 o'clock. We may expect less heat by to-morrow evening. It is curious now to see the sun in the north and the Milky Way, Plough, &c., all topsy-turvey.

SATURDAY, 20th April.

At 12 to-day we came within three figures of Cape Town, viz.:—904 miles, nautical. This morning I

attended a Bible Reading in the Captain's cabin. About sixteen were present, including the Wesleyan and Congregationalist pastors—one of whom goes to Matabeleland, and the other to be minister at Worcester—Rev. Mr Stanlake and Rev. Mr Olver. The subject at the meeting was the two natures of Jesus. The talk was very interesting, although I thought they had got on much too theoretical and mystical lines in discussing such a subject. The doctrine of the Trinity came in also for remark. Most of those present were devout Wesleyans from Cornwall, who are leaving tin mining to be engaged in gold-seeking on the Rand.

There was a lovely sunset to-night. It is decidedly cooler now, though it is warm enough to make me feel quite comfortable in this cabin, sitting in my night dress with the port-hole open to the ocean. This has been quite a lazy day again. Loafing about and playing an occasional game, larking with the children, swings, talking, music, and complete rest filled up the day till the gong summoned us to dress for dinner. We were much struck again with the suddenness with which it got dark after the sun plunged into the sea—which he did before six o'clock. Venus at once appeared, and so brightly did she shine that she made a path of light over the sea. To-night I went on the bridge with a doctor and his wife who are going to Buluwayo. I shall not soon forget the lesson in astronomy we got from Captain Robinson and Mr Knight, the officer on the watch. Such brilliance of stars we seldom, if ever, see in Scotland!

A very good concert was given in the forward saloon. "Home, Sweet Home" was very sweet, as sung by Mrs Olver, and the "Lost Chord," played on the cornet, was a first-class performance. Mrs Kidd

"spoke a piece" very nicely. I found she and her husband are from Dundee. He is a druggist, and goes out partly for his health. It seems as if almost a third of the passengers are Scotch! Time would fail me to tell all their stories. Some are very pathetic. All are hopeful, however. We go to the "Land of Good Hope." I have got a good song with this title. A promenade and a cigar prepared me for bed by midnight. Going down to my cabin on the middle deck—there are three decks—I surprised a very merry party in evening dress, who were gathered round an *al fresco* supper. Such fun there was round this surreptitious extra meal. A millionaire mine-owner, who has been a leader in every innocent freak; two officers, one from each of Her Majesty's services; a Dutch pressman of rare accomplishments, and a quartette of young ladies and young matrons, formed the party. We were speedily joined by others, and such laughing and quaffing and daffing went on! But I dare not betray secrets, and I don't know what would be thought of our foraging for bread, biscuits, jam, and liquors to appease appetites whetted by having dinner so early as 6.30! Soon our happy party must be broken up! I don't like to think of it. We expect to see Table Mountain late on Monday evening.

SUNDAY EVENING, 21st April.

We are now nearing Cape Town, and our pleasant voyage will end to-morrow night shortly before midnight. The distance is now under 500 miles. This has been another choice day, almost perfect calm, and

it is now so cool as to make it possible to promenade without bursting all over into perspiration. Service was again conducted by the captain at 10.30; Sunday School met in his cabin in the afternoon; and there was a Praise Meeting in the third-class, the Captain leading Sankey's hymns, and playing his flute. The Rev. Mr Olver preached in the forward saloon in the evening at 8. His sermon was on Psalm xlvii., and the service was like a Presbyterian one. He is newly married, and seems an earnest, good fellow. The singing was to me the most impressive part of to-day's services, and it evidently affected many present. The hymns were heartily sung, and were very appropriate. Germans and Dutch seemed to know the airs, and joined in heartily; but the heartiest singers were the Cornish miners. Family prayers at 7.50 a.m. have been well attended every morning during the voyage; but, I am sorry to say, since the time was put forward 15 to 20 minutes each day, I have frequently missed the short meeting. I invariably fall asleep after our steward brings us early coffee. It is the best hour of sleep we have.

To-day there was great excitement owing to our passing a full-rigged barque. She was four miles off, but so clear is the air that "the stars and stripes" could be seen with a field glass, though the ship was unfortunately in shadow. Signals were exchanged, and she proved to be the "John MacDonald" of New York. With the exception of flying fishes and a few birds, we have had only sea and sky for our outlook since we sighted Cape Verde over a week ago. It is matter of regret that we approach Table Bay to-morrow evening after dark. The sight is said to be very impressive. Only those who have been so long at sea can appreciate

the interest with which a sight of land will be hailed. Already the shadow of our

### **Landing and Separating**

begins to fall on the spirits of the passengers. Home sickness returns to some as they contemplate their unknown future in the distant land. Some seem bracing themselves for work and enterprise. Business men who have cast away dull care for a fortnight and given themselves to romps and fun, begin to look grave, and wonder what has happened at home since we left. Happy brides going out to wed (we have two or three on board) have April-like smiles and tears on their faces. Many of us, going out for pleasure, information, and renewed strength, are concerned only about our baggage and personal arrangements—except that we have a slight anxiety regarding our friends at home; for it will be still a fortnight before a letter can overtake us, and it will only have news of the week subsequent to our departure. As I write, it is midnight. The “Tantallon Castle,” as if ashamed of the poor run reported to-day at noon—only 365 nautical miles—is pegging away at a great rate. Comparing the revolutions of the screw with the distance run, it would seem as if we had been battling with some adverse currents during the past 24 hours. With no more strokes of the engines we have sometimes done 30 miles more in a day; and there is almost no wind at all. Any there is is from the west, and our course is something like S.S.E. I expect we shall do 380 to 390 miles by to-morrow at noon. We shall see. The pool on the run was given up some days ago. The subscriptions to seamen’s charities have reached over £20, and may amount to



£50 by to-morrow night. There has been no disagreements on the trip. Some ladies' jealousies, I daresay, could be pointed to, but they have been trifling, and there has been a minimum of scandal. Good humour has prevailed, and romping and boisterous fun have characterised the trip. Captain Robinson says the musical performances have been the best he ever heard on board a ship.

MIDNIGHT, MONDAY, 22nd April.

About twenty minutes ago we cast anchor in Table Bay. For an hour previously we had seen the lights of Robben Island and Sea Point. Cape Town lights are very bright, making a half circle of light around. Through the darkness over them we can descry the outline of the great hills—Table Mountain, the Devil's Peak, and the Lion's Rump. Of course it is impossible to form any idea of the place to-night, and we shall



*Cape Town Docks.*

all sleep on board. The "Tantallon Castle" gets into dock at daybreak, which however is late here, April being equal to our October. There have been some excitement and bustle ever since dinner was over at eight o'clock. The mail bags are piled on the after-hatch, and will be sent ashore to-night. I believe, while I write, a tender is coming out with officials from the Dock Authorities. We have only one more meal on board. It will be a sad breaking up of acquaintanceships and friendships made on board. But such is life! Life is just meetings and partings, as an old Arbroathian used to say. To-night I am too excited with the prospects of to-morrow to write well or much. I hope to meet many old friends, and to see Cape Town, about which I have thought and spoken and dreamed so much. Curiously my thoughts turn to-night to those whom I knew

### **First as Settlers at the Cape.**

The very first was James Nicol (eldest son of Mr Alexander Nicol, manufacturer, Arbroath.) The next was my old friend, Mr William Christie, of Hill Terrace, whose only daughter died but recently—and soon after a visit to South Africa. Then the form of my old St Andrew's chum, John Bowie, of Carlogie Farm, comes up before me. Dear Jack was as honest-hearted a fellow as ever walked the streets of Arbroath. He died somewhere up country from this metropolis of South Africa. All three are gone, and here I am, feeling well and strong and young—younger already from the charming voyage. Speak about yachting! No yachting excursion could possibly equal a Cape trip as a rest and recreation and tonic. Mr Kidd, the young Dundee druggist, tells me he has gained 6 lbs. in weight by

the voyage. He went down to the butcher in his den and got weighed on Saturday. I may safely add another pound for the two days since; so that he is doubtless half-a-stone heavier for the sixteen days on board! (I gained no less than 12 lbs.!)

CAPE TOWN, 26th April.

There was little rest last Monday night on board the "Tantallon Castle." About midnight we were boarded in Table Bay by the Post Office officials, who brought me several letters from South African friends in all the four divisions, viz., Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal, and Natal. A newspaper from Kimberley also contained a most flattering notice of our coming advent to the Diamond City. I am called a "well-known and popular Scotsman;" and many other kind things are said which modesty forbids me to repeat.

### **My First Impressions of Cape Town**

are entirely favourable. Of course the mountains around it are the most striking objects—Table Mountain and Lion's Rump, Lion's Head, Signal Hill, and the Devil's Peak. As with Madeira, so here, photography fails, from want of colours, to give a correct notion of the beautiful nature of the scenery. The city is well built for a colonial city. The Railway Station, Houses of Parliament, and Standard Bank would adorn Glasgow or Edinburgh. Adderley Street has capital shops and warehouses, and the splendid old avenue, with four lines of oaks, and about three-fourths of a mile long, runs from the top of Adderley Street to "The Gardens," and is very

pretty. It is well kept, and on one side are the Parliament and Governor's Houses, and on the other the Botanic and Public Gardens. The Museum, English Cathedral, &c., also cluster around. There are some fine old churches, though both the Cathedrals are rather disappointing—the Romish as well as the English. The Dutch churches are superior, and there is a fine Methodist Church. The two Presbyterian Churches are fairly good buildings.

The principal features of architectural beauty are found, however, in the charming residences in "The Gardens," in "Sea Point" and the string of suburbs which extends without interval for some eight miles to Wynberg. The suburbs are called Woodstock, Mowbray, Rosebank, Rondebosch, Newlands, Claremont, Kenilworth, and Wynberg. There are other villages on the way to Simon's Town—24 miles south by rail. The eight suburbs I have named are so continuous that it is impossible to say where one begins and another ends. They stretch round to the east side of the mountains, and run south behind Table Mountain. The railway to Simon's Town has a station at each. The whole country side—some eight miles by three—is a sylvan paradise.

### **There are many Miles of Avenues**

crossing and recrossing. To-day we drove along an avenue of oaks for about two miles. The trees are as high as the famous short avenue at Killin, and the avenue is as long as the famous one near Crieff. We by no means went all the length of the district to-day, and yet we must have been for ten or twelve miles under the shade of beautiful trees, and

we peeped along other avenues branching off. The present generation ought to bless the Dutchmen of last century, who were great tree planters. Firs, oaks, cedars, larches, and eucalyptus are the favourite kinds. There are hedges like boxwood, and aloes are common.



*The Avenue, Cape Town.*

Many of the leaves of the latter are six feet long, and a foot in breadth. Then, picture this sylvan country studded by snug villas with verandahs and trellised plants and brilliant flowers—flowers such as *we* can only grow in hothouses—shrubberies, flower beds, and red-coloured walks. Add that at every turn you see looming overhead, the clear outline of the mountains—nearly 4000 feet high. Mountains I call them; but they are simply rocks for the upper half—sheer cliff for about 1000 feet—fissured and caverned in a most fantastic way. Over all is the bright, blue, and cloudless sky, with a sun as hot and bright as on a choice July day in Scotland—warm enough for us to drive three

hours without a topcoat, although this is the beginning of winter. There are only two seasons here—summer and winter. Not a leaf is off the trees yet, although it is within three months of the next crop of verdure. Grass begins to grow in winter. It is too hot for it in summer. The display of flowers is still very good, and though the grapes are all gathered and are being made into wine, we can still buy the most luscious fruit for 1d to 3d per pound. The grapes, of which we eat a pound or two every day, are so juicy and ripe as to preclude their being carried abroad.

### **The People are a Curious Mixture**

—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, German, Jewish, Hottentot, Kaffir, and Malay. There are Americans too, and French names are not uncommon. I like to see the niggers in their cabins. They are so happy-go-lucky, so very “plain-looking,” so jolly, and so frightfully black skinned and brightly clothed, as to be very amusing. Many of the Malays have fine features. There is a detachment of the 42nd Highlanders in the Barracks just now. They swagger about as if the whole place belonged to them. As I write, I hear the bagpipes on Signal Hill. Scotsmen seem to have done well here. You would think every second or third villa had a Scotch name. “Macs.” are often to be seen on shop signs. But Dutch names are about as numerous as either English or Scotch.

There are some fearfully broken-down people from the old country; but there is no street begging, so far as I have seen. People's wants are few in this climate, and odd jobs seem common. There are no slums or rookeries such as even Arbroath—not to say Glasgòw

or Edinburgh or London—has. The blacks are the poor and labouring class, but their houses look well, compared to the dens in our Glasgow Wynds and Edinburgh Cowgate. I have not seen a street fight or any improper behaviour. The people seem very free in their manners, are anxious to know your opinion of the Cape, and extraordinarily kind and obliging. I speak of them as I find them after a four days' visit, which is to be prolonged to a week's stay. I have been at one evening dinner in a most beautiful house with a Highland name. Everything on the table and in the rooms was of a most *recherché* description. There is something in the lovely climate, and in the abundant flowers, which makes social intercourse bright and pleasing. Draughts and fears of cold are not thought of.

*27th April.*

Our first impression of the South African climate was not a favourable one. It was pouring rain the morning we got on shore. But next day the weather cleared, and we have had a fine time since. This is our fifth day on shore. Cape Town owes a great deal to its magnificent situation. Table Bay is very large, and False Bay coming north to within a few miles of it makes the Cape Peninsula, which is something like the Mull of Cantyre. Cape Town is built all around the coast in the bosom of Table Mountain, at the north end of the Peninsula, and with its suburbs from Wynberg to Sea Point is like a gigantic letter S. Table Bay is the lower loop of the letter, and Table Mountain faces the bay. This mountain is nearly 4000 feet high, and has quite a flat plateau of

two or three square miles on the top. The Devil's Peak is a sharp spur at one end, and twelve more such peaks run down in a chain from the other end of the Table.



*"The Table Cloth" on Table Mountain.*

These are called the Twelve Apostles. An extraordinary looking hill called the Lion's Head abuts these, and a lower range called the Lion's Rump finishes with a green bare height called Signal Hill.

### **The Principal Part of the City**

which contains, with the suburbs, about 70,000 inhabitants, is built in the half cup made by the mountains, and facing north gets the full blaze of the sub-tropical sun. Wynberg situated round at the top or beginning



of the S is almost directly at the back of Table Mountain. In summer its temperature is about 10 degrees lower than that of the city. The city is rectangularly built, and the houses are mostly white. From the bay running direct to Table Mountain is Adderley Street, the principal street. It is continued by the avenue, three quarters of a mile long. This is the promenade of the city. One evening we walked home from a dinner party all the length of the avenue. It is lighted by electricity, and looks very beautiful. One side of the avenue is taken up by the splendid Botanic Gardens, constantly open to the public, while the other side has the Houses of Parliament, the Governor's official residence and the gardens and grounds attached. The views and peeps of Table Mountain and the bay got from the avenue, and of the district called the Gardens, are exquisite.

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#### **A Note on Cape Town as a Tourist Centre, 1889.**

Cape Town is year by year becoming a centre of larger interest for the European tourist—the temporary halting-place from which he starts on his survey of the sub-continent. The great steamship companies treat him generously during his sea voyage, and it has dawned upon certain enterprising people in England that the same luxury and ease ought to be provided for him when he lands on the shore of Table Bay, either to rest and recuperate awhile before winging his flight to the interior, or to make a prolonged stay in the metropolis.

Hence the beginnings of Mount Nelson, the *fin-de-siècle* hotel, which is now so conspicuous a feature of the green-clad lower slope of Table Mountain near the

top of Government Avenue. It is a noble building, four storeys high, and of quite a novel design. A centre block lying east and west by the compass, coloured in creamy buff with green "jalousies" in contrast, is flanked on either side by a wing of equal elevation, but inclined outwards at an angle of forty-five degrees to the main building, with the best results in the way of outlook. By this fresh arrangement every window commands a free prospect, ranging from the Devil's Peak on the one side to the Lion's Head and the down-trending spur of Signal Hill on the other.

Every part of the estate is well-wooded or in a high state of cultivation, and the view from the hotel on every side is magnificent. There are oaks, elms, and other trees that have been growing since Cape Town was a village; the turf is of that velvety softness which only age can give; there is an old deer park and there are vineyards and gardens yielding forth the fruits of the earth in abundance, while along the west gable of the old mansion house of Mount Nelson, and covering a long trellis-walk, climbs the famous vine, patriarch of its race. The proprietors of the new hotel will not have to wait years until their grounds match the beauty of their house. The charm of "ye olde garden" is there already. On this open and elevated spot the sea breeze tempers the heat of the warmest days, while the extent of the ground secures the visitor against the constant noise which is such a drawback to so many hotels less fortunately situated. The soft, clear night air affords pleasant opportunities of listening to the fine orchestral music, supplied by the hotel in the gardens illuminated by numerous electric glow-lamps. If a cool spot may be found in the whole of Cape Town in the summer heats, surely it is here. An in-

teresting feature in the hall is a large bust of Nelson, carved out of a piece of wood from the old Victory. All the public rooms, corridors, and staircases are elaborately decorated.

A word on the sanitary arrangements, which are simply perfect. All lavatories, &c., are lodged in separate wings outside the main building, and the drains and pipes are carried clear of the walls to a main sewer, which has a steep fall along the western boundary of the estate. Upstairs, almost every bedroom has a separate balcony, and every division wall is fire-proof, being constructed in brick, while the ceilings are of cement on metal lathing, known as "asbestic." Laundry work is provided for by a steam laundry on the premises, where visitors' linen can be washed and dressed at moderate charges, with promptitude and a minimum of wear and tear, under the most sanitary conditions.

In front of the hotel on the ground floor a fourteen feet broad verandah extends for a length of 200 feet, and glass doors open direct into the garden, laid out in sixteenth century style, with formal clipped hedges, fountains, tub plants, &c. Two large boilers, housed in the laundry building at some little distance from the hotel, supply steam to a pair of compound engines driving a series of dynamos to provide electric current for the elevators, the ventilating and refrigerating machinery, and the incandescent lamps, of which there are some thousands in the building.

Access to and from all parts of the town and suburbs is provided by the Municipal Electric Trams, which pass the entrance gate of the hotel, and which run at frequent intervals. For those who prefer to walk, the distance from the grounds to the head of

Adderley Street is only half a mile, and the road lies under the pleasant shade of trees. The Hotel Omnibuses, specially built for the service, meet all trains and boats.

The owners of this magnificent palace are the African Lands and Hotels, Limited, of London. Mount Nelson is under the management of Mr Emile Cathrein, proprietor of several famous Swiss hotels, and well known to hundreds of British travellers. He has under him a large staff consisting entirely of Swiss servants. This hotel is surely destined to be popular. It is laid out and is conducted on a scale to command success.

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### **The Houses of Parliament**

cost about £250,000, and are very handsome. The members are supplied with smoking and even billiard rooms. It is a splendid "club." We saw through the whole premises two days ago, but the House was not in session. It will be sitting on our return from up-country.

On our first evening in Cape Town we dined with a few friends on board the "Tantallon Castle," deserted now of almost all the gay throng who spent sixteen pleasant days on board together. The weather was cold and wet, and coal dust and open hatches were about on the decks which used to be the bright scene of so much gaiety. Tom Moore's pathetic lines—in "Oft in the stilly night"—came to my mind as I paced the solitary deck with Mr Van Oss, the clever Dutch journalist, enjoying a parting cigar:—

"I feel like one who treads alone,  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled—whose garland's dead,  
And all but he departed."

Next morning we set off for Simon's Bay to call for Mrs Leckie, wife of the captain of H.M.S. "Swallow." This journey took us around the back of Table Mountain, and right south by the watering places along False Bay till we came to Simon's Town, about twenty-four miles from Cape Town. It is the railroad terminus.

### **Simon's Town is a Scattered Village**

around a bay, with a splendid anchorage, and is the naval headquarters of the Cape. The flagship, "St George," was in the Bay, as well as three more warships. But the "Swallow" had fled—sent on a cruise to Zanzibar. So we missed seeing our friend, Captain Leckie. But we found his charming wife at the Old Dutch Hotel, laid up on the sofa, however, with a badly - sprained ankle. Otherwise she was well and bright, as she always is. Mrs Leckie was, with the Duke of Abercorn, the life of a Castle Liner on her voyage out



***South Atlantic Squadron in Simon's Bay.***

last autumn, and the society of the naval station will be robbed of a principal attraction when the wife of the "Swallow's" gallant captain leaves.

There is not much to attract in the surroundings of Simon's Bay. The distant Paarl Hills and Hottentot Mountains are certainly grand and desolate-looking. But the near hills are at this season like huge ash and dust heaps—as if they had passed through fire—which, indeed, may almost be said of them, considering how the summer heat of January and February burned up almost every green thing. All along, from Simon's Town to Wynberg, I found myself humming "O'er those Gloomy Hills of Darkness," for dark and forbidding the Hottentot range looks, even in the glaring sun!

We left the train at Wynberg Station on our way back, and had a long walk up to the Camp. This camp was chosen by the Iron Duke on a visit here while returning with some regiments from India. It is a very suitable place to which to send soldiers, either going or returning from the East, to break them to the extremes of heat and cold of India and Britain. The country is a sylvan paradise. Avenues of trees of all sorts, rare bushes, and wild flowers, of exceeding beauty, are met with at every turn. We made for Newlands Station through this beautiful country, passing a hotel, at which we called to see a "Tantallon Castle" fellow-voyager. The hotel is called

### **The Vineyard.**

and the view from its Stoep (verandah) is a picture which only requires a lake or a stream to make it the finest I have ever witnessed. As it is, the trellised vines, the lawn and greenery, and the

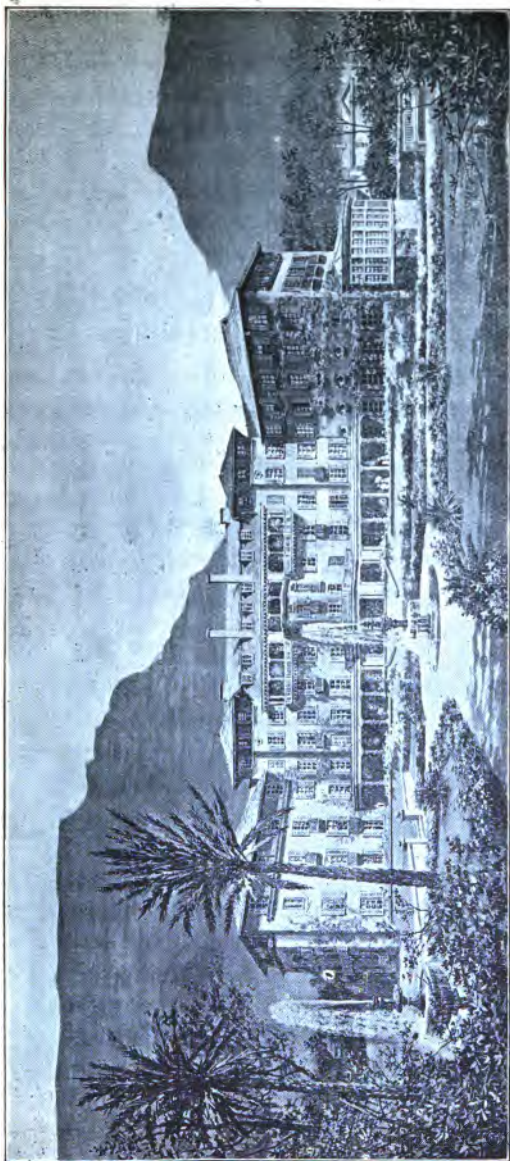
view of Table Mountain are beyond my poor pen to describe.

After tea with an old friend, Mr Dent, the Castle Line Dock Superintendent, we went to an evangelistic meeting in the Y.M.C.A. Hall to hear the Rev. David Russell, whom we had met at tea. He is a congregational minister in Maritzburg, the capital of Natal. But I hear he is likely to be called to be colleague to the Rev. J. Russell, the Presbyterian minister of St Andrew's Church, Cape Town. Two Russells will then be colleagues in the same field. The Cape Town minister is brother of Sir J. Russell, ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and son-in-law of the late Rev. Dr Elder of Rothesay. Mr Russell gave us a capital address on "Hophni and Phinehas," the sons of Eli. The hall was quite full, and the meeting was altogether very impressive. A nephew of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, a former Premier, is one of the leaders of the Y.M.C.A., and, playing the American organ, led the praise.

CAPE TOWN, *27th April.*

Our third day in Cape Town was devoted to calls on various friends, a drive round the Lion's Head—the famous Kloof Drive in fact—and a dinner party in the evening. Amongst the calls we made was one upon Mr Donald Murray, a brother of Mr David Murray, the famous Scottish artist, now an R.A. and living in London. We had some real Scotch "cracks" with him and his brother and partner. They are successful import merchants.

The Kloof Circular Drive is a very fine one. It is some 7 or 8 miles in length, and goes round the Lion's Head and



***Mount Nelson Hotel.***



through between it and the "Twelve Apostles," finally dropping down upon Cape Town by the glen or Kloof which divides the main range from the Lion's Head and Signal Hill. The shore is first skirted by a fine road, and then a rocky hill is ascended; from it a splendid view of Camps Bay and the rollers of the Atlantic is got. Winding round the side of the Lion's Head, our pair of horses had to be relieved of my weight in some places where the road became very steep. It is in many places

### **A Very Wild Scene.**

Huge hills, fantastic crags, hillsides covered with lovely silver trees (to which we have no parallel in the old country), and fearsome dens, where you almost expect to see a real live lion's head, are passed during several miles. By and by you begin to descend and run through a wood when suddenly you find yourself at the back of Cape Town, some 800 feet above the bay which smiles in all its beauty beyond the city. There are no "public works" in the metropolis of South Africa, and therefore no smoke to pollute the clear crystal atmosphere, and the effect of the air on such an evening is like champagne. One can hardly keep from singing aloud!

Our carriage took us to the house of its owner—our very kind friend, Mr D. C. Andrew of the Castle Line Agency. An elegant dinner was served in a beautiful room, and a charm all its own was lent by the kindness and attention of our perfect host and hostess—both thoroughly Scotch, though long in South Africa. We had a delightful walk home to our hotel by way of the electric-lighted avenue and Adderley Street.

Next morning Mr Andrew's horses and carriage were again at our disposal for a drive, and we were advised still further to explore

### **The Wynberg Region.**

This we did, and I shall never forget the extraordinary extent and beauty of the splendidly-wooded district where the well-to-do Cape Towners live. As I have said, the railway runs to these suburbs, and electric cars are now also in operation.

We spent the afternoon in Cape Town till four o'clock, and then, with Mr Andrew, I went to the Golf Links at Rondebosch and had a fine "round" just as the sun was setting on a lovely evening. I played with a cleek, but, being an old "St Andrews hand," I won. On our way to the station we passed a lot of boys, of from 14 to 16 years of age, playing a

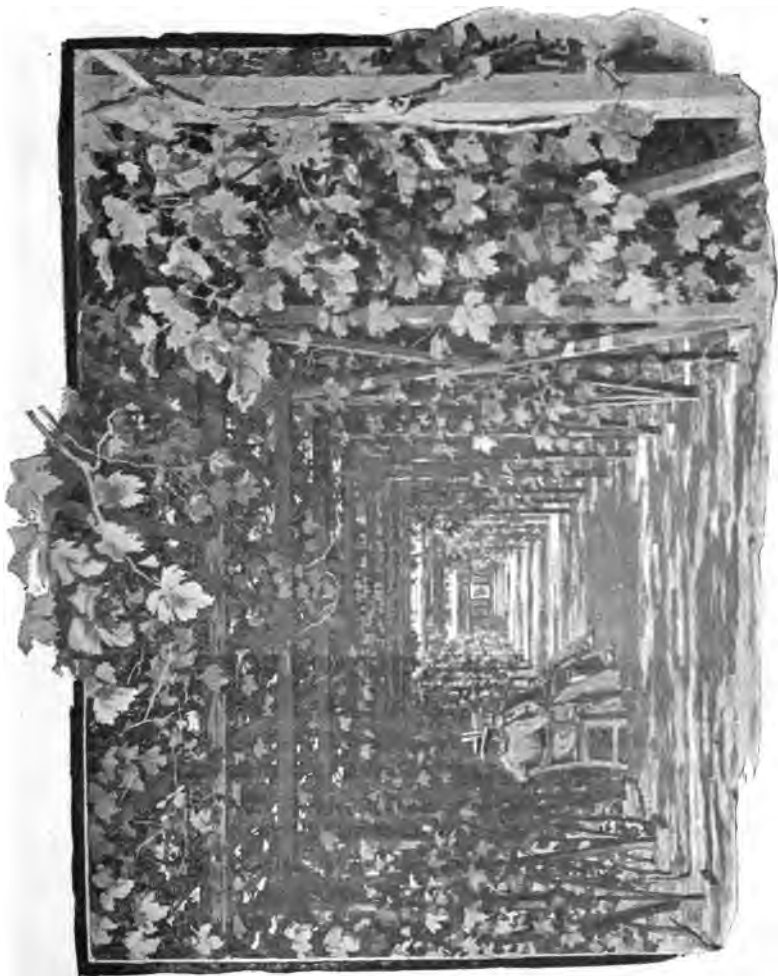


***The Golf Course at Rondebosch.***

very brisk game of Rugby football. They were the "Bishop's boys"—and well-set-up lads they were—as fine looking a team as could be got in a public school in England. There is considerable rivalry, I found, between the "Bishop's boys" and the South African College—a Government institution. Returning by rail I got a very pleasant surprise. For two or three years I had been trying to meet Mr Norman Salmond, the great English basso, but in vain. He had called for me in Glasgow when he was there with Madame Patti. Mr Lely, another singer, claimed also as a Red Lichtie, called with him. But I missed both. I had corresponded with him and heard him sing in London. Just before starting for the Cape I had a letter from his venerable father telling me that Mr Norman was already booked by an earlier steamer. And now, who should step into the same railway carriage but Mr Norman Salmond! I knew him directly, as I had once seen him in opera in London. You may easily guess it was a pleasant meeting. He expressed his great regret that he had not known earlier that I was going by the "Tantallon Castle," or he also would have booked by her. He cordially invited my wife and myself to his first concert which was given this evening—an invitation we at once accepted.

Last night found us in the drawing-room of a fine villa belonging to Mr M'Meekan, a successful Galloway man, who has made a large fortune as a builder in Cape Town. It was an old Dutch residence with a fine vineyard, and was much improved by my good friend Mr M'Meekan. He is in the old country at present, but Mrs M'Meekan was very kind and attentive to us. She was in Glasgow last autumn, on which occasion I promised to call when in Cape Town.

She is a typical Scottish lady of a sort going out of fashion I am sorry to say.



*Vinery at Mount Nelson Hotel.*

This forenoon was devoted to calls, and we had tea with the Murrays at their new house, high up the Kloof road. Its situation commands a fine view of Table Bay, and it was a very beautiful sight to watch the sunset from their verandah. This evening was spent at

### **Mr Norman Salmond's Concert.**

The hall was crowded, and the great basso had to respond to numerous encores—in fact, I think he sang eight or nine times. The other singers were completely in the shade. Almost all the audience were in evening dress, and, as many officers from the barracks were present in uniform, the scene was a bright one. I thought the ladies very handsome and well dressed, and, of course, the platform was a bower of lovely plants and flowers. Mr Salmond has every reason to be well pleased with his start in South Africa. He has a big tour before him to Johannesburg, &c., although his primary object is to throw off the effects of a severe attack of influenza.

By the way, it is worth recording that I saw a nice villa out Sea Point way which surely must belong to a Red Lichtie. It is called "Arbroath Lodge." I wonder who inhabits it?

TAUWS RIVER, *29th April.*

We left Cape Town this (Monday) morning early. Yesterday was a desultory day of looking in upon church services. In the morning and evening I attended services, or part of them, in two of the principal Dutch and Lutheran Reformed Churches in Cape Town. I also heard

part of the service in the Cathedral, and looked in upon one or two Mohammedan places of worship, as well as a German Sunday School. But as I understood not a word of the languages, except in the Cathedral, there is little to relate. The Dutch services were exactly like our own plain Presbyterian service, and the prayers in the Cathedral were gone over just as usual, in a dreary monotone, while the sermon was somewhat thin and watery. I must say, however, the singing in the English Cathedral Church was hearty and good.

Tauws River, where we are now, is 160 miles up country towards Kimberley, and we have taken twelve hours to come. We have, however, ascended by rail 2500 feet already. Indeed, at Triangle Station we were 3200 feet above sea level. We took the morning train thus far that we might see the famous Hex River Mountains in daylight.

### **After leaving Cape Town**

we passed through some fine level country, growing all manner of products. We also saw one or two ostrich farm steadings and flocks of birds before commencing our ascent through the wild Hex Mountains. Really, the sight is grand and imposing in its desolation, and, as the train winds around the hills, some fearsome gorges are crossed. We ran along precipices without any protecting wall, taking sharp curves at dizzy heights which sometimes made us hold our breath. I would advise any tourists who are not pressed for time to make the *day* journey instead of passing this region by the night express.

There is nothing attractive at Tauws River. We did not feel equal to going to-night to a lantern lecture

given by one of the agents of the Cape General Mission. We preferred to go early to bed. I found the station porter here to be Scotch. Here we are on the edge of the great Karroo Desert, and to-morrow morning we take train at five (before day-light) to commence our journey to Kimberley, through the most desolate region perhaps in the world that is traversed by railroad. The distance of Kimberley from Cape Town is 647 miles, and its elevation is 4000 feet above the sea. We take twenty-seven hours to do 480 miles from this.

*KIMBERLEY, 1st May.*

Our train was late, so it was ten this morning before we arrived, after being almost thirty hours in the train. We had a comfortable sleeping carriage, however, and the time passed quickly. All day we were passing through the seemingly interminable Karroo. We could see miles and miles all around of desert sand, during the whole day—sand as bare as the sands of Barry at low water, save for many stones and the Karroo bush, a little stumpy, heathery-looking shrub, about a foot high, which is dotted over the sand at intervals of eight or ten feet apart. This bush grows in spite of the almost total want of rain, and is very nourishing for game, and also for sheep and goats, large flocks of which are to be seen now and again. The railway stations are twenty to thirty miles apart and are chosen where water can be had from the few streams which cross this inhospitable region. Occasional small towns, too, are passed. The prettiest is Beaufort West, at which there are signs of luxuriant vegetation. On leaving the place we found the secret of the vegetation—lying at the back of the town—in the large

ponds where the water is impounded for irrigation purposes. Some mountainous districts are passed, dark brown and white mounds and rocks, without a blade of grass or heather to relieve the eye. The sunset over a range of such hills was very brilliant, and thoroughly came up to our notion of African scenery of the barren and wild sort. Dutch and black natives are almost the only inhabitants of this region so well pictured by Olive Schreiner in her "Life on an African farm."



*Kimberley Morning Market.*

It is a curious fact how very various the rainfall is in South Africa. In some places rain scarcely ever falls; in others there is an annual fall of 40 to 50 inches. The rain is periodic almost everywhere. There are no perennial rivers in the Karroo. Great channels we crossed, with every feature of rivers except water! Preservation of the rainfall during the wet season would, I am convinced, make vast tracts of the desert blossom as do Beaufort West and Matjesfontein.



**Beaufort West is a Popular Health Resort,**

which we passed just as the golden sun set amongst fleecy clouds of the most brilliant scarlet, as it seemed to me. As we pursued our "headlong course" of 15 miles an hour over the Karroo, an ox waggon with its 16 of a team, or a cart with a span of mules, was occasionally seen in the distance, and created the same interest—almost excitement—which the one or two ships did which we passed on our voyage through the tropics.

The sun was very brilliant all day, and I could not but notice the constant glitter of broken bottles which strewed the side of the railway track during all its course. These told of the liquid refreshments consumed by the men who made the line—water, milk, lemonade, cold tea—and possibly stronger liquors! The Karroo, from its intensely dry atmosphere, is a favourable place for consumptives or people with bad throats. So dry is it, that a wet sponge exposed all night is dry and crisp in the morning—almost any time of the year. I hung out a handkerchief which had become wet and found it perfectly dry in about a minute! These desert regions have still much small game, but the larger game, as well as wild beasts, such as lions, are now very scarce. At early morning we crossed the substantial iron-girder bridge which spans the Orange River. The river itself is a dirty yellow stream, flowing between deep mud banks, which showed that we saw it at its lowest. From this point on to Kimberley there were more signs of life, both animal and vegetable. We reached the City of Diamonds in time for a late breakfast at the Central Hotel, a comfortable place kept by a Scotchman, whose handsome wife is a sister of Mrs Barney Barnato.

*KIMBERLEY, May 2nd.*

Kimberley rather disappoints anyone who expects a fine city. There are no substantial buildings at all, if we except the Club House, the Library, and the Rev. Mr Hughes' new Baptist Church, and a few more. Corrugated iron is much in evidence, and there are no stone buildings. Brick is the most substantial building material used. But if the buildings are not fine they are comfortably furnished, and we experienced great kindness from many of the people.

The principal hotels belong to Mr Finlayson, a gentleman of literary gifts, besides being a very excellent host. He is Scotch, of course, and I remember his grandfather being postmaster in Arbroath. Mrs Finlayson is a colonial lady of great attractiveness, and is one of South Africa's greatest beauties. We met with an old friend, Mr G. M. Wylie, and his thoroughly Clydeside buxom lady. We also saw a relative of our own, a son of the late Mr Crichton, writer, Forfar, who is fairly successful. He is engaged in connection with the mines. Another old friend was the Rev. Mr Hughes, Baptist pastor, who had arranged for us our first and only evening in the town. He had advertised my lecture on "Handel," in his church, with musical illustrations. A large audience assembled, and everything passed off well, although two days on the railway was not a good preparation! At the close, instead of making a speech in return for the vote of thanks, I sang "O sing to me the Auld Scotch Sangs," as I knew many fellow-countrymen and countrywomen were in the audience. I requested any one who knew me to remain behind to shake hands. A great many remained, and recalled to my mind where

we had met in past years. It was very touching to me, and I saw tears glistening in more than ae e'e! To me the following was

### **A very Interesting Incident :**

In our hotel I was introduced by Mr Finlayson to "anither Scottie." He is the "greatest sportsman now resident in South Africa," according to *Land and Water* or *The Field*, or some such paper. I refer to Mr D. Skirving, a tall and brawny Kimberley merchant. I chanced to remark, "I once knew a fellow Skirving at school." He said "Where?" I said "St Andrews." He said "I was at St Andrews at school!" I looked closer at Mr Skirving and exclaimed "You are the very fellow!" He raised his eyes and said "How little the world is after all!" I need not say this secured one warm friend who showed us much kindness, taking us over the club, &c. He gave me his portrait and a capital photo of a game waggon and shooting party in which he figured.

A young Glasgow friend, who is getting on capitally, photographed us and Mr Hughes at 8.30 and sent along beautifully finished copies by one o'clock to-day. In fact so much kindness was shown us that it was with great difficulty I got some friends persuaded not to advertise a Scottish Gathering and Smoking Concert in our honour for to-night, by which time we must be on train again.

BLOEMFONTEIN, O.F.S., 4th May.

Instead of two days we ought to have had a week in Kimberley. But we are only sampling South Africa, not exhausting either it or ourselves. Four hours was but a short time in which to examine the Diamond

Industry ; but we made the best of the short time. Fortunately we got introduced to a chief official—Mr Carnegie, the accountant of the “De Beers Consolidated.” He is a scion of the well-known Carnegies of Forfarshire, and is a pattern of gentlemanly courtesy. Hiring a trap we drove rapidly from place to place, and saw a great deal. I ought to explain that

### **The Diamond Industry**

is now virtually a monopoly. De Beers is a union which owns all the mines around Kimberley, and rules the diamond market of the world. If a discovery of “blue earth” is made anywhere, De Beers at once tries to buy out the proprietors. “Consolidated” is a great word in Kimberley. I even saw a barber who advertised his place as the “consolidated hairdressing saloon !” The effects of booms and competitions have certainly been minimised by this movement of consolidation. But it has obvious advantages. It would have been quite possible to flood the world with the gem so as to greatly reduce its value. De Beers acts like the governor on a steam engine, and regulates, and controls, and steadies the market and the whole industry. Then the compound system, though it is against local bar-keepers and stores, is, on the whole, much for the benefit of the native labourers.

We first saw the disused open workings of Kimberley mine—the scene of such wonderful excitement a few years ago. It reminded me of “The Geylet Pot” at the Arbroath and Auchmithie cliffs, but is very much larger and deeper. It looks about 300 yards across, and reaches a depth of 450 feet—a huge quarry hole. It was not stone, however, which was excavated, but

clay—"blue earth"—in which the precious stones are found. Fancy that, in the old days, 12,000 men were digging with pick and shovel in this hole like ants! Now, open workings have given place to shafts. The "blue" has been struck at a depth of 1200 feet. Kimberley mine was pre-historically the crater of a huge volcano—filled up now with "blue." The circular hole, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs in the centre of the bottom of the mine shows this. But it was only a shaft leading down to a huge layers of diamondiferous soil at the depth we have mentioned.

It is not necessary to detail all the process of the quarrying of the "blue," its pulverization, washing, and picking. It is a great and very scientifically managed industry. It employs 7000 blacks, and about 1500 white men in De Beers. There are huge stores of material, trains of waggons, splendid engines, pulsators, and washing machinery. The sorting is the most interesting process. In one house 250 convicts are employed picking the diamonds out of the gravel which constitutes the residuum of the various processes. Considering that convicts can have no liberty during their "terms," they are very suitable for working amongst gems so easily concealed and stolen. I.D.B. (illicit diamond buying) is a great crime, and a detective force is constantly on the prowl. The trapping system is a cruel necessity, I suppose. A man comes and offers you a diamond at a low price. He is an agent of the authorities, and if you purchase you may have time to rue the transaction while working for years as a convict on Cape Town Breakwater! We were not entrapped. (1), Nobody asked us to buy; (2), it would have been illegal to buy, and we are law-abiding tourists; (3), we would not know an uncut

diamond from a "chucky-stane;" (4), we had not enough money to spare to buy even a small one. We have anyhow escaped the years at Cape Town Breakwater.

Mr Carnegie showed us over the great compound at De Beers. It is very interesting. Thousands of blacks are lodged and fed in a very large square. Their life for months alternates between sitting about in the compound and working underground. They are a splendid race physically—great buirdly fellows whose naked proportions and shining black skins they are not loath to exhibit. Some were singing, others cooking, while some played games of various sorts. They are Zulus and Basutos mostly—

### **The Best Riggers in the World.**

They have shops within the compound, and their mental and religious improvement is a matter of concern to De Beers Company. Not a drop of spirituous liquor is allowed within the walls; and there is a very good hospital, through the wards of which we went with sad interest. For here were poor fellows with broken bones, and there others with various chest and throat complaints. The visiting doctor is Dr Smith, who is the principal medical man of the district. We called for him and saw his sister-in-law (who came out under our care in the "Tantallon Castle,") as well as his charming wife, who is the presiding genius in an elegant home.

Through Mr Carnegie's influence, we were shown the Diamond office, and the splendid gems so carefully stored there in safes. We were made the temporary holders of untold wealth by having in our hands "nievefuls" of the sparkling diamonds, and we were

also shown a day's output of De Beers. This represented the day's work of 8,500 men, the working of engines, machinery, railroads, besides industrious picking by hundreds of people, black and white, and the excavation of thousands of tons of "blue." The whole result consisted of a small teacupful of shining stones, but, from their rarity, worth many thousands of pounds!

The extent of ground covered by De Beers surprised us. On a farm, a few miles off, the Company rear their own horses, and keep 350 brood mares. They import capital stallions. An Arab horse was recently bought which cost 600 guineas. We drove some three or four miles around the property. There are hundreds of acres of "floors" where the "blue" lies exposed to the air for disintegration before the washing process. Then the stores are very extensive; we saw, for instance, quite a houseful of iron screws and nuts, while shovels and picks, &c., are stored in thousands. One of the head storekeepers we found to be a Red Lichtie, who knew me well. He was at school with my younger sisters in the days when John Fraser was classical master in succession to George Corken in the institution in Back Abbey Street.

#### **Skilled Labour is Well Paid.**

A blacksmith, joiner, or other skilled tradesman gets 12s to 25s per day, and though it is hot to work in such a climate, most of the mere labour is done by the blacks. I noticed the blacksmiths at the forges hammered almost none. The labour of the sturdy blacks was merely directed by the white men. Mr Carnegie put himself to no end of trouble to show us everything in our limited time.

BLOEMFONTEIN, O.F.S., 7th May.

We left Kimberley near sunset on Thursday evening, and arrived here on Friday at midday, having had rather a poor time of twenty hours in a somewhat crowded train. We had almost literally to tear ourselves away from Kimberley and its generous Scottish Club. Kimberley to Bloemfontein is a railway journey round three sides of a rectangle, while, as the crow flies, it is only eighty miles by road from the one place to the other. Several friends were waiting our arrival at the station here.

We have had four most delightful days here. The "Free State" Hotel is a model one for comfort. This capital of the Orange Free State is a charming town. The climate is perfection for health—dry, warm, and sunny. The soil is porous and fertile, though light. The buildings are good. Then it is the seat of the Parliament, called the Raad, and has a so-called Cathedral (English) and colleges of various kinds. The O. F. State is the granary of South Africa, and might grow much more grain than it does. Though larger than Scotland, there are not so many inhabitants as are in Edinburgh and Leith.

The Raad House is a fine building, and it boasts itself to have the largest legislative chamber in the world. There is no Legislative Council and House of Lords, only a Common's Parliament. There is accommodation for over 1000 strangers, whereas our House of Commons can hold only some 100 or 150. We had the good fortune to be present when the biggest bit of work the Assembly ever did was being carried through. Sanction was given to the making of a



railway 600 miles in length from Kimberley to Harrismith, which will revolutionize the industries of the State, by opening up the corn district of Ladybrand, and connecting the State with the coast at Durban. Property rose 15 per cent. in Bloemfontein last Friday. The member of the Raad for Heilbron showed us over the House, and explained the proceedings, which are all conducted in Dutch. The members are mostly Boer farmers, and probably average 15 to 16 stones each! They all dress in black, and the House is opened with prayers, reminding one of a church service. One almost expected to see a precentor stand up and lead off with the Old Hundredth or French! President Reitz, to whom we had a letter of introduction, was away from home ill, so we missed the pleasure of seeing the head of the State. But by the introduction of friends we were enabled to pay our respects to Lady Brand, the widow of the late President, and her daughters.



*Suburbs, Bloemfontein, O. F. State.*

Very many come to the State for health. Two friends of ours live on a farm 12 miles from this. They met us on Friday and stayed with us as our guests till Saturday afternoon. It was a sincere and heartfelt pleasure to see both looking so well and happy. Another young gentleman, belonging to Glasgow, came about 100 miles to stay a couple of days with us. He also came out to the Cape on account of his health about a year ago, and already he has every appearance of robust health, and can do his 60 or 70 miles in a day on the saddle while riding to and fro on business! We were introduced to a Mr Moody (another Scottie) who is a "commercial." He was almost overpowering in his kindness. Saturday night saw us and several of these friends in a hospitable home, that of Mr and Mrs Neilson (successful Scotties here).

### **A Royal Scottish Night of Song**

and story was the result. Mr Neilson, too, came out for his health and is now quite strong. His wife was a Miss Scott from near Cupar Fife and it was refreshing to hear her Fife accent and stories in this far away land. We finished the evening by singing "Auld Lang Syne" so lustily that I am sure the staid Dutch people must have got a surprise all along that particular street.

One introduction we got was a fruitful one. I refer to Mr Sowden, a Devonshire gentleman, who is one of the aristocracy of Bloemfontein merchants. He asked us to tea and to go with him to church on Sunday evening, all of which we accepted. His house is a fine new one in the outskirts. Mr Sowden is

one of the religious leaders of the place, and a prominent member of the Wesleyan Church. He told us his minister was really a Scotsman and was educated in Aberdeen, though born in Sweden, where his father was a clergyman. The church is a clean, neat, and pretty large one. It was completely filled, and there was a capital choir in the organ-loft who sang Macfarren's 23rd Psalm for Anthem in really capital style. The Rev. Mr Scott is

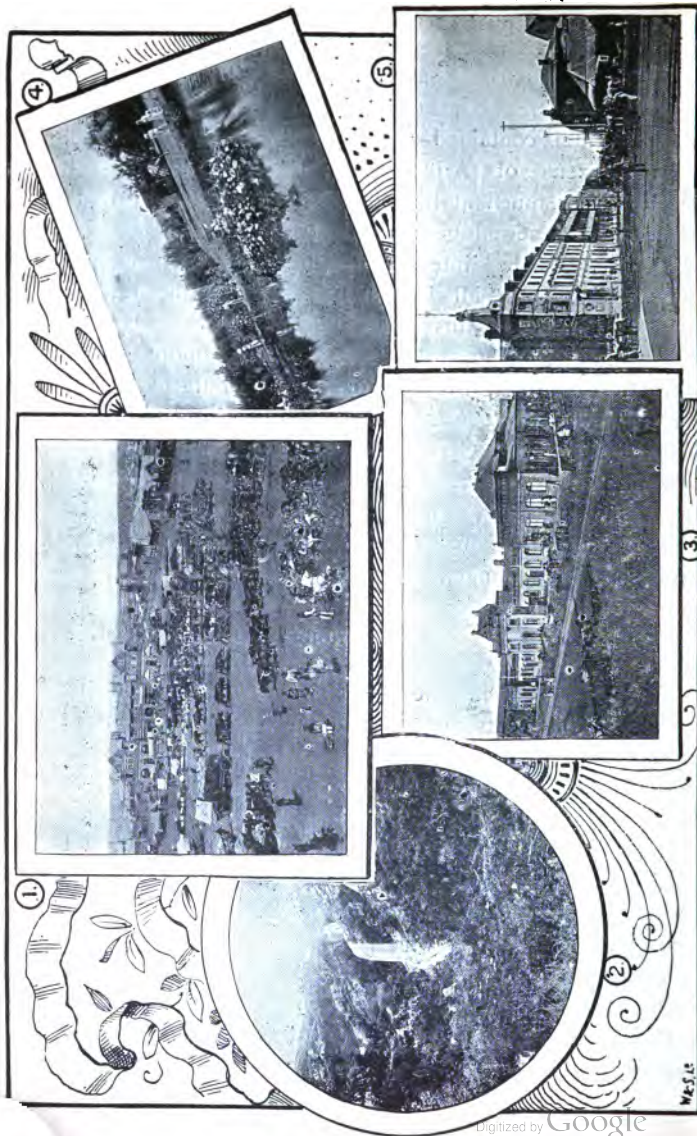
### **A Venerable-Looking Man**

of about sixty or sixty-five, and resembles the great South Sea Missionary, Dr Paton, in appearance. Mr Scott came out as a Missionary to South Africa many years ago. His sermon was a most excellent one, and altogether the service was delightful. Communion followed, administered very solemnly, as in the Church of England. My wife and I joined in the Communion, and I said we ought to remain and shake hands and thank Mr Scott. This we did, and walked round to the manse with him. He asked what place in Scotland we hailed from. On being told that it was originally Arbroath, he said we must see Mrs Scott, who also came from Arbroath. Judge of our surprise when we found her really an old friend. She was one of my late sister's closest friends forty-five or fifty years ago. She was at Miss Leslie's famous ladies' school in Abbey House, which I also attended as a little chap in frocks almost fifty years ago. She told us she was brought up in the communion of the "Totum Kirk" in Ponderlaw, but sat with Bailie Salmond for a while about 1858 in Mr Sandison's kirk in High Street—just off and on with our old family pew. She showed us a sketch of the Abbey

which she made when a girl, and in her album she proudly pointed to a contribution in verse by the late Rev. Mr Meek, of Carnoustie Auld Licht Kirk. Her portrait album contained portraits of many of the best-known citizens of Arbroath, and altogether we felt ourselves very much at home last night. Our Arbroath cracks were renewed to-day, and we have had a drive together with the interesting and delightful couple, whose praise is in all Bloemfontein. But the rest of our experiences of this charming place must be left over, as we soon go to take train once more. Our destination is the great city of Johannesburg. I only add that Mrs Scott was a Miss Walker, and that she came out to the Cape as a lady missionary many years ago. She is a beautiful elderly lady now, with lovely silvered hair, and a face which fairly beams with a radiance which speaks of great attractiveness when she was younger.

JOHANNESBURG, *8th May.*

Here we are in the most wonderful city in the world!—at all events most wonderful in some important respects. Our last forenoon in Bloemfontein was crowded with pleasant incidents, some of which I have already related, but I must record the extreme kindness we received from the Rev. Mr Scott. I called with him at the Government Offices. The Home Secretary and Minister of Education (for the same gentleman seems to fill both offices) was very attentive and gave us a good long interview, and, besides replying to all our queries, gave me a book on the Free State Educational matters. Unfortunately, however, it is in Dutch, and my Dutch education,



1. Johannesburg Market Place.

2. Waterfall in Natal.

3. Street in Johannesburg.

5. Street in Johannesburg.

4. Lake near Johannesburg.

both High and Low, was neglected. However, I have in the Rev. Mr Lilley, a brother-in-law who will appreciate this Dutch book. The manager of the Free State Bank is a man of great influence in Bloemfontein. He is son of the late Mr Maclagan, stationmaster in Perth. We received much kindness from him. He put up our names at the very nice Club, the comforts and conveniences of which were thus at our disposal during our stay. We met a very interesting lady and gentleman in the hotel and got intimate with them. They were a recently-married but elderly couple, out for health. She was widow of a General in the Indian army. They were Plymouthists, I think, and very pious and devoted Christian workers.

### **Other Interesting People.**

we met were Mr and Mrs Tatham from Ladysmith, who had just come by the route we were going. Mr Tatham is Castle Line Agent in Ladysmith, and, with his wife, was on his way to Cape Town on a visit to England. I hope to meet him in Glasgow. Amongst others who shewed us kindness were Mr Bilse, of the Mutual Insurance Co., and his charming young wife. She has a beautiful "Spider" with a pair of spanking horses, and placed both it and herself, as driver, at our disposal. We had one delightful turn round the town.

Attending service on Sunday morning at the "Cathedral," we were struck with the poverty of the music and sermon; but it was interesting and peculiar to find Queen Victoria's place in the prayers taken by the "President of this State"—though it is but fair to say that the Queen was mentioned in a Collect too—

I suppose because she is considered the temporal Head of the Church. The activity of the English Church was manifested by the presence of Sisters of Mercy in the town, and I understand the clergy are High rather than Broad. It seemed to me a little more preaching power and less confidence in their sacerdotal position would be advantageous. It is difficult to carry out priestly pretensions in a Republic or Colony, and there is danger of

### **The English Church in South Africa**

running all to millinery and feminine flummery, unless men of more grit are sent out. Of course I know there have been some excellent Episcopal missionaries in Africa. But I speak of what I have found in the way of preaching and "ornate services." I think John Knox, or the apostle Paul, would have made short work with the "orders" of mere lisping nonentities and womanish men!

The fort erected when the Free State was British is on the outskirts of the city, and from its battlements, which we paced one evening at sunset, a splendid view is got over a country which has seen many a battle between the European races and the sturdy Basutos—whose land is almost within sight. The standing army of the State is not large. We saw a specimen of it at the fort—hardy-looking fellows.

The Museum is devoted to local products, and is extremely interesting. The number of beasts and birds and the varieties of mineral products are very great. We saw here a crystal model of the largest diamond ever found. It is believed to be worth nearly a million pounds.

The laws of the State with regard to the blacks are very strict, and savour of the Dutch spirit. The natives live in townships out of the city, and at sundown they must all be out of the streets. Any found after dark without a permit are pulled up before the magistrate and *whipped!* No barman dare sell drink to a native; and otherwise the law does not recognise Pompey as a "brudder!" But in these notes I cannot enter upon the very difficult native problem. Far less can I offer a solution or even formulate a theory regarding it. The theory of the ignorant amongst the Boers is a very simple one. The

#### **Natives are looked upon as Canaanites**

who are doomed to destruction by the chosen people, viz., the Dutch settlers! Of course the intelligent Boers have more sense, if not humanity, in dealing with the natives. But the Dutch take altogether a much more Old than New Testament view of things. They are eminently pious, and have fine churches everywhere. The Dutch Reformed Church is really the Cathedral of Bloemfontein. The gimcrack "Cathedral" of the English Church—though designed, I believe, by Gilbert Scott—is a temporary, trumpery-looking affair beside the Dutch Church. On two nights of our stay we had the good fortune to see a tropical thunderstorm and rain. The lightning was practically continuous, and lighted us on our way to make an evening call.

As our train steamed out of the Bloemfontein Station amid the waved good-byes of many friends, dear Mrs Scott was in the middle of one more old Arbroath story, which I hope she may finish when next we meet either in Scotland or again in the Free State! The



journey to this city from charming little Bloemfontein—it is about the size of Brechin—is fifteen hours by rail. We arrived just at daylight, after a good night's sleep in the comfortable Pullman saloon carriage. A Dr Fox from England (for his health) was a charming companion till bedtime, when he gave up his berth to us and allowed my wife and myself to have a carriage all to ourselves.

Park Station is the principal one in Johannesburg, and we found it all bustle. We had some bother waiting for our customs examination, and my wife was in terror lest my little stock of cigars, &c., would entail upon us condign punishment at the hands of the grim Dutch officials. But at length we received attention. I offered the man our keys, said the one word "Personal," and we were waved out and soon were careering along an avenue (actually in a town only eight years old). We could not get into the



**Johannesburg Market.**

best hotel, so went to the "Masonic," kept by Mr and Mrs Weddell, Dundee people, who proved very kind. Being in the town so much before breakfast-time, we went to the great morning market. Market Square is a quarter of a mile long, and is a very busy scene in the morning. Teams of oxen with waggons and all sorts of produce fill the place, and auctioneers sell everything. There is no haggling over prices or "priggin' doon," as used to be the case in the Arbroath Saturday butter and egg market, and with the Auchmithie fishers. There is no time for it in this busy metropolis. One could not but be struck with the fine buildings. Though started only in 1887, there are already quite

### 130,000 Inhabitants

on the Rand. The houses and streets contain the best furnished business premises in South Africa. Churches, theatres, cabs, tramways, ladies mounted on splendid horses, luxurious carriages, gentlemen with liveried servants, hospitals, gaols, a race course, organ-grinders, public parks, trees over 30 feet high, and a public water supply, all testify to the enterprise of this wonderful eight-years-old city. Commissioner Street is two miles long, and leads to Jeppestown, a wooded suburb. All this has been accomplished on a moor on a tableland, half as high again as Ben Nevis, and over 1000 miles from Cape Town, and with no road to it ten years ago. Like all South African towns we have seen, except Kimberley, which is built anyhow, Johannesburg is perfectly rectangular and the streets are wide, and they sometimes open out to squares. The Stock Exchange is largely held in the

open air, where a bit of a street is railed off by chains. But there is a handsome Exchange, and every other equipment of a large town. The Y.M.C.A. rooms are large and well-furnished, but no church of a really permanent nature is yet built. Doubtless, some fine churches will spring up by and by. The leading preacher at present in the city is the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr Lloyd, a Welshman. A second Presbyterian Church has had to be started, and



*Commissioner Street, Johannesburg (Exchange on left.)*

a friend of mine has been called to it—the Rev. R. B. Douglas, a Glasgow licentiate of considerable promise. From all I hear, Scotsmen “lapse” in great numbers when they come out here. Church-going is not a characteristic of Johannesburg, much to the horror of many steady-going Dutchmen, who are out of the swim, and look on the turmoil of the town with a grim sort of surprise.

JOHANNESBURG, 9th May.

Our stay of two days in Johannesburg is a short one considering the interest of the place. We leave to-morrow morning that we may make sure of catching our steamer home and see all that still remains on our programme. Reluctantly we have had to give up our intended trip to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal. I regret this the more because we have a letter of introduction from Sir Donald Currie to Dr Leyds, and through him to

“Oom Paul,”

President Kruger, the ruler of this wonderful country which is bigger than France, and which is believed to have in its *already* discovered gold reefs wealth variously estimated at from £200,000,000 to £400,000,000. This



*Street in Johannesburg.*

is besides its treasures of coal, iron, lead, and other minerals, and in addition to its resources as an agricultural and pastoral country.

We should have liked to see the stubborn old President, and to have been able to say that we had sat in all the four Parliaments of what we trust may by-and-by be the "United States of South Africa!" But time, tide, railways, and Castle Line mail steamers wait for no man! Besides walking and driving all around this great city we have sampled its mines. By the kindness of my good friend (and fellow-elder in Pollokshields Free Church), Mr Macarthur, of the Macarthur-Forrest Gold Extracting Patent, we had influential introductions to some in authority in the gold mines. This procured us an inspection of one of the

#### **Foremost Gold Mines in the Rand**

or indeed in the world. I refer to the "City and Suburban." The mine is near the town, and our good friend, Mr Walter Scott (married to Miss Turnbull, an old friend), was our guide, and drove us over to the place like Jehu! The roads were a bit rough, and my wife got her hand hurt while saving herself from being knocked about by clinging to the vehicle. I need not describe the process of gold mining. The shaft is a sloping one, and the material brought up is quartz rock instead of coal. Otherwise there is little difference between a gold and a coal mine. The waggons are taken high up and emptied into a receiver, and then the rock falls on a sorting table. What is not gold-bearing rock is thrown away, the rest goes down through a tremendous crusher. How it is ground to powder by the stamps, which make a fearful noise; how the powdered rock is made into

mud or "slime" and passed over tables covered with mercury; how the cyanide is applied in vats, and how the tailings are treated I am not chemist enough to describe! One or two things surprised me. The gold is often not *visible* in the "Banket" (or conglomerate rock) which is the matrix of the lumps of quartz. The gold is found, not in the quartz itself, but rather in the sandy looking "banket." I had no idea it was such a long process to get the gold, or that the necessary engines and machinery were so large and powerful. It makes the wonder all the greater that such machinery at first found its way from Europe without a railway or even a decent road! We were, of course, shown gold in all the processes of its development, and it was all very interesting. Some of the mines have paid as much as 100 per cent. per



*Street in Johannesburg.*

annum on the original capital. Pound shares which in some cases were down as low as 2s 6d are now up to £30 and thereabout. There seems no doubt about the ultimate stability of Johannesburg. Gold mining here is a vast industry, employing all sorts of skilled and unskilled workers, and secures work for a vast population. For miles around the city, the country is studded with gold mines showing their engine chimneys and hoisting gear, just like districts of our Lanarkshire Black Country. I do not doubt that Johannesburg and its suburbs, which nine years ago consisted of one forlorn shepherd's hut, will, by the end of the century, contain a population of a quarter of a million. Then, further up country is Matabeleland.

### **Buluwayo, a Native Kraal**

two years ago, is now a town with a newspaper, hotels, churches, and every sign of city life, and this simply because gold is near it. There is no end to the demand for gold. It is not like diamonds, which do not waste. The currency of the world is gold, and the waste every year is tremendous. Then jewellery, ornaments, watches, and various instruments are made of gold, and whatever bi-metallists may say, gold is likely to remain the sole standard of value in Britain and generally over the whole earth.

I had not been six hours in the city when it occurred to me that an old friend, Mr Henry Newby Fraser, was settled there. I was regretting that I had no direct clue to find him easily, when who should come across Commissioner Street to where I was standing but the very man himself? He did not know me, but the meeting was a glad surprise, and we had

afternoon tea with his wife, whom I had not seen since 1863—now the mother of a grown-up family. They live out at Jeppestown, near the public park.

Another old Glasgow friend joined us for our first evening at the hotel, talking over Scotch and especially Glasgow things with us and our landlord and landlady. I refer to Mr Daniel MacColl, who has been very successful as a building speculator. Our last evening (to-night) has been spent with the Scotts, who had a young Scotchman and his wife and our friend the Rev. R. B. Douglas to meet us. You may guess we had a happy evening.

To-morrow morning, at 4.30, we have to be in the coach for Standerton—about 85 miles off. This precludes our making use of any more of our introductions or looking up any more of the scores of Scotchmen whom I have booked for Johannesburg by the Castle Line during past years.

### **An Interesting Month**

could easily be passed in the Transvaal. But what an atmosphere of gambling there is in the place! What haste to be rich! Such tragic stories of losses and death the new and pretty graveyard already can tell. What tales of ruined character and social wickedness could be told of the city! Still, with all this, the wonder is that Johannesburg is not worse. Considering the kind of characters many have who flock to such a place; considering that religion and morality are not in demand by nature, and that religious organisations are slower of growth than the phenomenal increase of the population, it is a great wonder to me the city is not very much worse than it is. In Scotland the existence of an Established Church enables many who



are as much heathen as the blacks of Africa to profess Christianity, just because it is thought to be respectable. Here it is very different. The Johannesburg way of it perhaps has some advantages.

PIETERMARITZBURG,  
SATURDAY, 11th May.

It was dark when our coach left Johannesburg in the early morning. We had booked the best two seats inside, through a namesake, who is a representative of the Natal Government Railways. Our coach was a large lumbering affair, holding twelve inside and eight outside passengers. It was nearly full. As the bugler on top woke the echoes of the silent streets we were reminded of the old coach which passed through Arbroath when



*Street in Johannesburg.*

I was a boy, and which was called the "Tally-ho." Soon we had quitted the town and found ourselves in a seemingly limitless moor with all sorts of curious grasses and shrubs growing on it. To say we were on a *road* would be to use a figure of speech! We had before us a team of ten splendid grey horses, and the way the driver with his long whip could flick the flank of any particular horse was a work of art! It was slightly cold when we started, but soon the sun began to heighten in the East, and we buttoned up the leather curtains which protected us from the cold morning air. But, oh, the jolting! We were tossed about and up and down like ninepins; now she pitched; now she rolled; now she went headlong over a boulder; now we swayed as we crossed a sluit (stream). We felt a sad want of dignity as we were thus made the sport of that old coach! Daylight showed us our fellow passengers. One gentleman and his daughter we found to be excellent companions. We had their company for two whole days—Mr Jeppe was the gentleman. He is connected with the Survey Department of the Transvaal. His family gave the name to the fashionable suburb of Johannesburg — Jeppetown. Though a German, he speaks English perfectly as well as Dutch and French (besides German). Mr Jeppe was greatly interested in the

### **Castle Line Atlas**

of South Africa, which I showed him. He found his own latest surveys of the country utilised in it, and he had no words too complimentary for the get-up of this charming tourist companion. Our trip, I must say, would have been robbed of half of its pleasure but for its excellent maps, plans, and descriptive

letterpress. Considering that it is quite up to date, and only costs 3s 6d, no one who has any interest in the Cape should be without a copy—whether the interest be connected with missions or mines, the places or the people, commerce or religion.

We breakfasted at the historical and pretty town of Heidelberg, where the Boers first hoisted the Transvaal flag of independence in the face of Britain. We admired the beautiful new church of the place (Dutch Reformed)—a much handsomer building than any in Arbroath, though the place is not a quarter as big. We missed Mr Pagan, a successful merchant here. He was treasurer of the building fund of this fine church which, we learn, cost £20,000.

It was a monotonous ride that day. The very jolting ceased to give variety. It was as if one had started over a moor—like Rossie Muir—for a drive from Arbroath to Braemar in one day. The moon was shining brightly for an hour before we drew up at Standerton. We had had seven stops and changes of horses during the day. No less than eighty horses had thus been employed.

Standerton is a quiet little place now. But it was a centre of great military activity in the Boer war. It is but a very few years since lions could be found by the banks of a lonely river which we crossed at twilight. But my wife was more afraid of being capsized in the water, as we ploughed through it, than of being eaten by lions, though I mischievously tried to scare her. We had a nice walk with Mr and Miss Jeppe (after a good dinner) in the brightest moonlight I ever witnessed. Standerton is over 5000 feet above the sea, and is some 50 to 55 miles from Charlestown on the borders of Natal. The Natal Line has reached

Standerton, and before the end of the present year will be opened all the way to Johannesburg.\* We were constantly coming across the railway track during our drive. It has been an easy line to make.

Next morning we took train at Standerton, and by midday lunched once more on British soil—at Charlestown. Then began a most interesting railway journey to this city which is the capital of Natal. We arrived here at three o'clock this morning, having been nineteen hours on the journey. But we lay in our sleeping berths till seven.

From Standerton to Charlestown is a fine grazing country, and comparatively level. But all the way afterwards, one passes through a most picturesque district. It is like our Scottish Highlands on a large scale. Leaving Charlestown, we had on our right the Drakensberg Mountains, which reach 12,000 feet in height. By-and-by we came to the famous Pass called Laing's Nek, where the Bannockburn of Transvaal independence was fought, and our troops almost annihilated. One felt sorry to think that such military mismanagement could have occurred. A tunnel runs through the Nek, and then the bald, dark slopes of Amajuba Hill confront the traveller, with more painful reminiscences of military disaster to our arms, followed by a

### **Peace made by Mr Gladstone**

on the footing of granting a limited independence to the Boers. It will be a subject of keen controversy for many years whether Mr Gladstone was justified in making peace to escape "blood guiltiness" in further fighting the brave Boers. I think the initial mistake

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\* The line all the way to Johannesburg was opened in the autumn of 1895.

was in the annexation of the Transvaal at the time and manner in which the thing was done. Of course, the "old Adam" in every British breast cried out for the avenging of Majuba Hill. And almost every person in South Africa says that at all events we ought to have given the Boers a "good licking" first, before the recession of their country! I think this the essence of Jingoism, and against all the laws of humanity, not to say Christianity. Do such fire-eating Britishers ever think of the thousands of widows and orphans at home and in the Transvaal, the millions of treasure wasted, and the heritage of everlasting hatred—not to speak of the complications with other European powers which would have followed a continued Boer War? I feel rather inclined to say that next to the peaceful settlement of the Alabama claims the settlement of the



*Morning Market, Johannesburg.*

Boer difficulty was the wisest and most Christian-like procedure ever taken by our British Government ! In time the Transvaal must become a free, not a Boer, Republic, though it is natural for the present Burghers to be loath to begin the enfranchisement of Outlanders, which will end their supremacy in the Government. One-fifth cannot, however, continue to govern four-fifths of the inhabitants for all time.

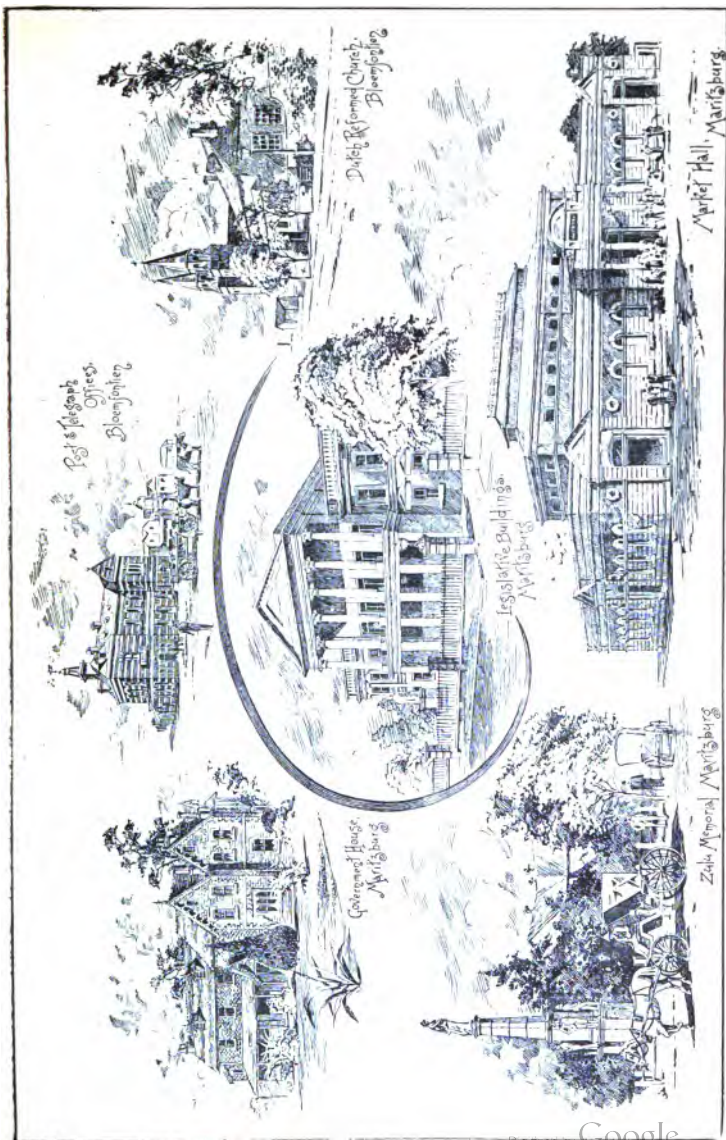
From Charlestown to Maritzburg is an almost constant descent. Sometimes the line descends over 100 feet each mile—and this for many miles. The windings are very sharp in some places. You see the line hundreds of feet below you on a hillside, and the line goes zig-zag till it reaches the lower level before proceeding on its way. In two places there is no room to curve round ! So, what are called reversing stations are used. The line runs to a termination, and by means of points and a double line the engine goes to the other end of the train and pulls it away downwards from the apex of an acute angle. The line is a triumph of engineering skill, and I may add that the carriages and service are equal to our own at home—thanks to the able management of the Hon. David Hunter, General Manager, who is an old North British Railway official. Natal has well been named the “Garden Colony.” Already we have fallen quite in love with it and its people. It is very Scotch in scenery, though, of course, very hot.

On the way in the coach we had some interesting talk with a Natal Boer farmer who owns an estate of 40,000 acres. Mr Jeppe was our interpreter. This farmer, Herr Vermaak, left us at the junction for Dundee Coal Fields. He tried hard to get us to go with him to see his place, and to visit the Gordon Mission which is near

his farm, thirty or forty miles from the railway. This Mission was established by the Earl of Aberdeen, and is connected with the Free Church of Scotland. Dr Dalziel is the able and energetic head of the Mission. I once met him in Glasgow. I sent by our Boer friend, Herr Vermaak, a word of good cheer to Dr Dalziel, and regrets that time compelled us to push on. The Gordon Mission is quite in a native region. All along the railroad even, we passed native kraals and villages of the Zulu type, *i.e.*, without walls—just round beehive looking things. Natives are compelled by law to be clad from neck to knees in the towns; but we saw some on this trip—men and women—in the full dress which Adam and Eve wore when they had donned the fig leaves!

PIETERMARITZBURG, 16th May.

Our four days' stay in this very charming town of 20,000 inhabitants has been very interesting to us. It is like an enlarged Bloemfontein, with scenery like that of Aberfeldy and Dunkeld thrown in. Rectangular, and with the main streets two miles long, it is sparsely built, and has plenty of fruit trees, such as orange, lemon, and banana, all about. The Imperial Hotel rivals the Bloemfontein one in comfort. We found Mdle. Trebelli was in the same hotel with us, and on Saturday evening, in the handsome Town Hall, we had the opportunity of seeing the "beauty and fashion" at her first concert. The Governor (Sir Hely Hutchinson) and the officers from the barracks were present. On Saturday afternoon we went in a jinrickshaw to see a football match in the public park. This conveyance is a comfortable indiarubber-tyred gig, drawn by a strong





Zulu. Scores of these are for hire. The park we found to be quite a splendidly wooded one, with many miles of drives, and the place was gay with riders and carriages of all sorts. It was like a small Hyde Park. The football match seemed hot work, but I enjoyed looking at the people most of all. They were of all colours, and wore every sort of costume—so unlike a crowd at home. I must say also the total absence of rudeness and drunkenness made a contrast much in favour of Pietermaritzburg.

In our hotel we met Mr and Mrs Bransby, from Durban, a delightful elderly couple in easy circumstances. They had their carriage and pair with them, and, besides driving us about, showed us an amount of friendliness which is characteristic of the whole people of South Africa. All our connection with them was that they knew intimately some friends of ours in Durban, most of them, alas! dead now.

Curiously, the Presbyterian ministers here are both Rev. John Smith by name! Fortunately, one has a middle name, Goold. As loyal Presbyterians, we went to hear "plain Mr Smith" in the morning of Sunday, and were rewarded by an excellent discourse. Going to the vestry to thank Mr Smith and introduce ourselves, we were conducted by one of the elders, who turned out to be the Hon. Henry Bale, president of the Y.M.C.A., and a member of Parliament of the Colony, besides being a principal lawyer in the city. He showed us no end of kindness. (Mr Bale has since attained very high official rank. Indeed, he formed the present Government—1899.)

In the afternoon we heard a native service in the Free Church Mission Church. I had previously called for the Rev. Mr Bruce to pay my respects. He has

a large congregation, and preached what appeared to be an earnest and impressive discourse, in the Zulu tongue. One of the native office-bearers engaged in prayer with extreme "unction," and at great length. The singing was very extraordinary. The tunes seemed to be a parody on some of our hymn tunes, with many extemporized "whirly-whas," which recalled the Auld Licht way of singing fifty years ago. I shall never forget the strident and metallic shouting and screaming of some of the "coloured sisters" of the congregation. One black woman sang—or rather screamed—with such vigour that I feared she might burst a blood vessel! But it was all very interesting. After tea at Mr Smith's manse, we went to the Wesleyan Church and heard a delightful service, with a really excellent sermon by a nephew of Mrs Bransby, who happened to be in the city. Many soldiers were present in uniform, and one of the guardsmen was, I think, about the handsomest fellow I ever saw. He was six feet four inches at least, and of splendid physique, and he appeared to be very devout.

After the evening service we went to the Y.M.C.A. to an evangelistic service conducted by Mr Bale, who introduced me to the meeting. I sang a Sankey solo to a nice accompaniment by a lady, and spoke a little, telling them of our

#### **Glasgow Y.M.C.A. and its Work.**

Supper and a crack with Mr Bale at his fine house concluded a most interesting Sunday.

Monday we spent going fifteen miles or so by rail and two or three miles by carriage to Howick to see the great falls. They are 365 feet high; and a river

which, even when *low*, is as big as the Esk at Edzell, plunges over this sheer height. The gorge is grand in the extreme, and when the Umgeni is in flood, the falls, I believe, beat Niagara. They are more than twice as high as the great American falls. In the evening we attended Parliament, through Mr Bale's kindness. He had secured us a nice place in the Speaker's gallery. We saw the House opened by prayers, read by the Speaker, and finishing with the



***Howick Falls, Natal.***

Lord's Prayer repeated by all the members present. The Prime Minister made a long speech introducing a Road Bill, which raised a keen and unfriendly criticism. The great amount of ceremony and the deference paid to a message from the Governor—knocking at the door and introducing the messenger by much bowing—reminded us that here we are in a British Colony and not in a Republic like the Free State or Transvaal.

On Tuesday we were driving around and doing some shopping. Amongst other places, we visited the Lunatic Asylum and saw the patients. The doctor, Dr Hyslop, is a delightful man, and gave us some photographs of the place and neighbourhood. The Asylum is very comfortable and well-kept. One beautiful little girl of nine was very interesting. She called herself

**"Florence Nightingale,"**

and kissed us all on our leaving. We had an extensive drive through the public park also before dinner. Letters from home cheered us—the second mail only since we started six weeks ago. In the evening we had with us to dinner a young Natal grazing farmer, who is a son of a cousin of my own. I refer to Mr Frank Reid, son of the late Mr Reid, Peasehills, near Newport-on-Tay, and grandson of my late uncle, the Rev. James Beattie, of Cupar, Fife. He is a fine strapping fellow, and is succeeding very well. His report on the colony is that no farmer's son, with a little capital, some brains, and absolute steadiness, can fail to get on.

Arbroath was again foremost in my after-supper talk; for I met a son of the late Mr C. C. Stuart, of

Perth, eldest son of the late Mr Archibald Stuart, High Street, Arbroath. Of course I knew all his uncles and aunts, as well as his parents and grandparents. He is travelling for a Durban house, and seems in easy circumstances. He was very happy to get a crack about Arbroath and Perth. On our way to Howick we met also an old lady whom I knew at once to be Scotch. She is Mrs Jeffrey, Balgowan, not far from Howick. She has been forty years in Natal; is a farmer's wife, and hails from Kincardineshire. We knew scores of people in common who live around Auchinblae. She has Forfar neighbours in Natal, connections of the late Mr Taylor, town-clerk. Her maiden name was Annandale. Both Mrs Jeffrey and Mr Reid agree that

**"Natal Fever" is very often Laziness!**

When at Howick, I happened to ask if there was a Presbyterian Church, and we walked a mile out of town to call for the minister. Judge of our surprise when we found the minister to be a son of the late Mr Turnbull, millwright, Newport-on-Tay. His father and my father-in-law were elders together in Newport Free Church. We had a most interesting talk, and got much useful information from Mr Turnbull and his agreeable wife. He has a "parish" fifty miles long by twenty broad—bigger than all Forfarshire. He rides a great deal, and was just recovering from a fall from his horse. Howick, by the way, is a very pretty place, even had there been no Falls to see, and the hotel is good.

To-day, we proceed to Durban through what is said to be very fine scenery. The journey is seventy miles,

with a descent of 2225 feet to sea level, and consequently to a hotter climate. One of my last actions was to ascend the fine tower of the town house with the Rev. Mr Smith to see the view. It was simply superb. We leave Maritzbnrg with great regret.

DURBAN, NATAL, *18th May.*

The journey down to this city from Pietermaritzburg is a very varied and fine one. The hills in some places are very grand, notably Natal Table Mountain, a hill just like its namesake at Cape Town in size and form. It is so precipitous that there is only one entrance to the flat summit, which, if fenced protects the whole table top, where there is a good grazing ground, with water, and extending to some hundreds of acres. The Umgeni flows past its foot in a deep gully. This is the same river which makes Howick Falls and flows into the sea through the Basin at Durban. Pinetown is one of the prettiest villages passed by the railroad. The stations are very like our own at home, and almost every stationmaster is Scotch.

As Durban is approached, you pass through an almost constant succession of very tropical-looking fruit farms and gardens. The fruits are some twenty in number, but the principal ones are pine apples, oranges, lemons, and bananas.

**Looked at from the Heights**

of the Berea suburb, Durban is very strikingly like Montrose; but it is twice as big as that sleepy town, and ten times as busy. The Point, or shipping part, and the harbour are on the peninsula made by the sea and the basin. The basin is fully larger

than the Montrose one, but is very like it. The main part of the town is built on the north of the basin about where Puggieston Brick Work is—three miles from Montrose. The heights of Dun may stand for the lovely suburb of Berea, which, however, stretches round the whole west side of the basin. The Umgeni represents the South Esk. The high grounds of Rossie Castle and Dunninald are pictured by the splendidly wooded Bluff, with its lighthouse and fantastic rocks; and the south coast consists of cliffs like those at St Skeogh (or St Skae, is it?)

The beauty and grandeur of Durban were quite a surprise to us. The Town Hall and gardens and fountain we expected to be fine, but the reality exceeded our expectations. The churches, shops, streets, and railway terminus, are like those of a first-rate English provincial town. Berea is the

### **Finest Residential Suburb**

for natural scenery I have seen anywhere, and the tropical nature of the climate and vegetation cast a radiance and beauty over everything. It is very much warmer than any part of Cape Colony. Even now, when it is near mid-winter, the heat is greater than in our very warmest summers in Scotland—at least it *feels* so, perhaps from the dampness of the heat. However, there is no appearance of moisture in the air, which is brilliantly clear.

Two or three friends waited our arrival, and we were soon installed in very nice rooms engaged for us in the Royal Hotel, which of itself is quite a picturesque place. The covered square with palms, &c., is the drawing-room, and the dining-room is like a fine ball-room, and has an orchestral loft. The servants are

all East Indian or Malay, and dressed like high-caste Brahmins in white, with red sashes and fine cambric turbans. The effect is very fine indeed.

Our first evening was spent quietly in our hotel, where again we have Mdle. Trebelli as a fellow-guest. She is a plain unaffected lady, but a highly cultivated artiste. (As I write she is at a neighbouring table in this Asiatic-looking room called "Ulundi Square," in the Royal Hotel.) Next day was a very busy and interesting one. We were asked to the marriage of Miss Smith, eldest daughter of our friend Mr A. C. Smith, the Castle Line agent. The happy bridegroom was Mr Middlebrook. The wedding took place in the pretty Presbyterian Church, in the Berea, which was radiant with flowers, and the pipe-organ lent a charm to the service of music, which was led by a choir of attractive-looking girls. Altogether it was a pretty sight, with the brilliant sunshine and splendid foliage, to see such

### **A happy Wedding Party.**

The afternoon tea and reception at the lovely house and grounds of Mr Smith conveyed an idea of Oriental luxury in fruit and flowers, which will haunt our dreams. The ripe oranges hanging like bright gold in azure surroundings, the view over the Bay and Bluff, the charming villas, and wooded slopes and terraces in front and behind, made quite a lovely picture. The wedded pair have every reason to expect the happiness which mutual love and a Christian upbringing on both sides can augur for them. We wish them every joy!

We were sent to our hotel in Mr Smith's carriage by a round-about way, to see more of the



district just as the red sun was setting over the wooded slopes to the West. After dinner we again set out by Tram for the Berea Presbyterian Church, where I was advertised to lecture on "Handel." There was a large and fashionable audience. The Honourable David Hunter was a most genial chairman; the organ illustrations were very tastefully played; a young lady sang "Angels ever Bright" very sweetly, and I found the audience most sympathetic and appreciative of the lecture as well as of my vocal efforts. I found several old friends were present. Indeed it seems as if I knew about as many people in South Africa as I do in Scotland! To-day I heard people say in passing us on the street, "There's Mr Salmond from Glasgow," and sometimes they stop me and address me by my name, and it is a little while before I recollect their faces.

Our next day was largely spent in driving around in Mr Smith's carriage, seeing sugar plantations, coffee growing, &c. One sad but pleasing duty I fulfilled also, viz., to visit the grave of a very dear friend of ours, at the request of his widow now resident in Scotland. I allude to the late Captain W. F. Allan, sometime

### **Castle Line Agent**

in Durban, who for years was a close companion of mine in Glasgow. I find he was considered the most popular and public-spirited citizen of Durban during the few years he was here. Now he and his brother and aged mother sleep in this far-off land, under the shadow of weeping willows and graceful palms. I felt very tenderly towards the memory of my good friend, and much sympathy for his poor young widow in her loneliness.

The grave has a nice headstone, and is covered deep with broken shells. Mrs Allan's wreath is still in good condition, and the railings around are in seemly order. Berea Presbyterian Church may however be considered the best monument to Mr Allan's energy and good offices to fellow-countrymen in this beautiful land.

A young gentleman stopped me to-day in West Street with a cheerful "How do you do?" I found he was one of a family of some six whom I booked in Glasgow two years ago. They all emigrated for the sake of a sister who was delicate. I am glad to say all are getting on well, and the sister is much better here than in our Glasgow fogs. It is satisfactory when such families get on well, and have no reason to sing

"O, why left I my hame—  
Why did I cross the deep?  
O, why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep?"

I sigh for Scotia's shore;  
And I gaze across the sea,  
But I canna get a blink  
O' my ain countrie!"

Our last evening in Durban was spent in the hospitable home of Mr and Mrs David Hunter, and he sent me this morning some maps and sections of the railways of which he is the efficient manager, for the instruction of our civil engineer son. We met Mr Hunter's (the Congregational) pastor and his wife, and were entertained to some really high-class music by our host's accomplished daughters. Mr Hunter's house is embowered in trees, and stands near the beach of the Bay. The Rev. Mr Tees, of Durban

Presbyterian Church, would hardly let us off without a lecture in his church in the city after hearing "Handel" in Berea. But to-day we have to tear ourselves away from our indulgent friends and embark on board the "Roslin Castle," which lies tossing beyond the bar. We must get as soon as possible to East London and our various places of call in Kaffraria. My wife dreads the tug journey to the mail steamer and the hoisting on board by means of the basket.

EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY,  
MONDAY, 20th May.

Our trip in the launch, to join the R.M.S. Roslin Castle over Durban Bar, was not so very serious after all. True, the tug rolled and pitched like a mad horse! But once shut in the big basket, which carries three or four passengers at a time, we were swung on the yard-arm into mid-air and flopped upon the deck of the big steamer before we could say "Jack Robinson." Our voyage round to this port was somewhat stormy, and a very dark one, after daylight had faded, shutting out from view the interesting coast of Pondoland and S. John's, its port. The hilly and romantic country of Pondoland is the latest addition to the British Empire, having been annexed only a year ago. I should have liked to see the famous Gates of S. John, the new Pillars of Hercules, which stand at the mouth of S. John's Harbour. All we did see consisted of bright forest or grass fires on shore, and the huge billows of the Indian Ocean. However, fear was out of the question in the luxurious ship, under the experienced guidance of Captain De La Cour Travers—one of the most gentlemanly men who ever commanded a mail ship.

There were few passengers, and we received every attention on board. The comforts and luxuries of the ship were sweet after the knocking about we have had and our often hurried meals at railway stations. A Scotch young lady, Miss Balfour, a member of Free S. George's, Edinburgh, was one of our fellow-passengers.

We dropped anchor in the Roads here yesterday (Sunday) forenoon, and Mr Georgeson, Castle Line agent, and Mr Macfarlane, harbour engineer, came to



*Buffalo River, East London.*

welcome us to this pretty town. The former had a carriage in waiting. A few moments' interview with the Custom's officer sufficed. His principal anxiety was lest we should have any bulbs about us, which might carry the germs of *Phylloxera* (the vine disease) to these shores. Soon we were in Mr Georgeson's house, and seated at dinner in a real Scotch family. Mr and Mrs Georgeson, and their agreeable daughters, have been kindness itself. Their house is the highest

in East London, and has a splendid sea prospect, and is, therefore, comparatively cool.

We had a nice walk by the beach in the afternoon, and found the place, with its handsome new hotel, admirably adapted for bathing quarters. In the evening we attended the Presbyterian Church, and had the good luck to hear the Rev. Mr Don, of King Williamstown, preach an able sermon on Philemon. Mr Don is son of ex-Bailie Don, banker in Brechin. I knew his father and sisters very well, years and years ago. His father is still alive, and is about ninety years of age.\* The service was very nice—the singing being good and hearty. At the door I found waiting to speak to me (after I had seen Mr Don) a lady who gratefully remembered some attention I was enabled to show her when she was home in a time of deep sorrow some three or four years ago. I was surprised Mrs Coutts knew me again.

To-day I have made several calls on former acquaintances, whom I find getting on well in business. We also had a pretty drive through the public park, beautifully situated on the Buffalo River, which makes a splendid harbour—spoiled for *very* large ships, however, by the Bar. This sand and gravel obstruction is very troublesome, but it is getting great attention from my friend Mr Macfarlane, and it is hoped the difficulty may be overcome, and mail steamers be allowed to get alongside the wharves. The Public Park has two fine iron gates, severally called the Currie and Georgeson Gates. These were gifts to the town from Sir Donald Currie and our good friend Mr Georgeson. There are

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\* Old Mr Don is still alive, and is considerably over ninety years of age—1899.

some good buildings of a substantial nature, one of the best being the offices of the Castle Line. The Club is a good building and very comfortable. But the town is comparatively new. It is built on both sides of the Buffalo River. The eastern side used to be known as Panmure, and it is a pity the whole place has not adopted that much more distinctive name. (East London is so suggestive of all that is unsavoury, if not squalid.) There are some fine villas, and East London has importance as a seaport and landing place and shipping place for the interior, which does not belong to the town itself. The interior is a good pastoral and agricultural region, where there are numbers of important mission stations for the numerous native population. There are about 9000 of a population in East London, and the place may be called the Scarborough of South Africa. There is an air of easy comfort and coolness about East London, with its fine marine outlook.

KING WILLIAMSTOWN,  
Same Evening.

We came hither by rail this afternoon, and our three hours in the train were made interesting by having with us in the carriage Rev. Mr Don, Mr Georgeson, Mr Gordon, the Castle Line agent in this town, and Mr Dent, a very agreeable Englishman who has crossed our path frequently, besides having come out with us in the "Tantallon Castle." These gentlemen explained to us all the points of interest in the journey. It is a fine country between this and East London. There are many German settlers, who are provident and hard-working, and consequently are saving money. Large

pastoral farms in the hands of English and Scotch settlers and many native kraals are also to be seen.

This used to be a frontier town, and a prosperous one. It is the emporium for the farms and mission stations both for buying and selling. We had little time to see it, before darkness set in. But we visited the gardens and saw the Grey Hospital and the several



*King Williamstown.*

substantial churches, amongst which Mr Don's is about the largest and most substantial-looking. This is a place of some age, and has always been a military centre. Although there are only about 8000 inhabitants, it serves as a market town for a native population of 120,000. The Roman Catholics are powerful here.

Their church is a very fine one. Its windows are all of stained glass, and the floor and altar are marble.

We have spent a pleasant evening in the house of a married daughter of our kind friends Mr and Mrs Georgeson. On our way to our hotel we heard the local Choral Society at practice in the Town Hall. The town is built in a hollow by the side of the Buffalo River, and is well wooded. Many of the streets, as is very common in South Africa, have rows of trees on either side, and there is much valuable timber in the neighbourhood. A kind of wood called sneezewood, common here, is almost unsurpassed in durability. Piles of it, used in Port Elizabeth Breakwater 20 years ago, are almost as fresh as when first driven.

We have booked our next three days, travelling by post-cart. To-morrow, early, we start for Alice, close beside Lovedale. This is over 40 miles, and takes seven hours. Next afternoon we drive 16 miles to Fort Beaufort. And on the following day we drive another 40 to 50 miles to the "finest town in South Africa"—Grahamstown, the "City of the Saints."

FORT BEAUFORT, *22nd May.*

We arrived here to-night from Lovedale, so that I have now seen the Mission Station which has been a sort of earthly paradise—an enchanted ground—in my thoughts ever since I was a boy.

We left King Williamstown, after an early breakfast, in a two-wheeled post-cart or gig. Six passengers and a good deal of baggage were stowed into it. We had four horses which kept up a brisk trot over the so-



called "road," and we were knocked about in the most undignified manner. Up hill and down dale we sped along, and how the beasts managed to keep their feet I cannot imagine. Sometimes we descended long steep hills with, perhaps, a river at the bottom into which we dashed up to the axle of our cart. It was exciting and exhilarating, and, by and by, when a sense of fear was overcome, it was even pleasant. Mr Tarrant, the mail contractor for a wide district, was with us. He is an old Oxford student, a gentleman-farmer's son, and a most intelligent and entertaining companion. For all the forty-five miles we scarcely saw a house or a white face, but the country is thickly populated with "Red Kaffirs," that is, heathens who wear only red blankets—or "nodings" at all. I was surprised to see the extensive flocks and herds belonging to these people, herded mostly by women or perfectly

### **Naked Boys, as Black as Coal.**

All along on our right we had the great Amatola mountains, a very high, wild range, decidedly picturesque. But the ground may be called a rolling prairie. There are frequent mission stations scattered over the region. We saw the hills around Pirie; but we only passed close to one Methodist Chapel, near one of our outspanning places. When we had been seven hours on the road, Mr Tarrant said, "Do you see that hollow four miles off? That is Alice; and do you see the woods a mile beyond? That is Lovedale, and the farm grazings of the institution begin at the next turn of the road." As we got near Alice and Lovedale, the road got smoother, and we soon were in front of the verandah of the little hotel. We at once

engaged a nice-looking bedroom, and I had just hung up my hat when the Rev. Dr Stewart arrived with his "Spider," and insisted on our going at once with him. A gratuity to the landlady made her all right, and in a minute more we were speeding over the mile to Dr Stewart's house, and up the beautiful avenue, with pictures of which I have for long been very familiar.

Those only who know Dr and Mrs Stewart can imagine how pleasant and profitable our stay at their interesting home has been. Mrs Stewart is youngest sister of the late Mr William Stephen, shipbuilder, Dundee, and, so, youngest survivor of

### **A Family of Sixteen or More.**

Old Mr Stephen was for years a shipbuilder in Arbroath, and most, I believe, of his family (including the brothers, who are so famous as shipbuilders on the Clyde) are Red Lichties. I remember meeting Mrs Stewart at a dinner party twenty-five years ago in Dundee, and thinking her then the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She still retains her good looks, though more matronly now; but much of her beauty is reflected in her handsome daughters. All were meeting us on our arrival, and after a substantial dinner we had time to realise that this was really Lovedale.

The last book I read in Scotland, before leaving, was Dr Stewart's splendidly-illustrated volume on his Mission Station; and every picture and every sentence in that book, I find, is true to life. Only, with a modesty characteristic of him, Dr Stewart minimizes his own share in the noble work carried on at this oasis in the heathen desert.

Lovedale is a lovely village. There is one large

hall, but the class-rooms and dwelling-houses are picturesquely placed all over the grounds. These remind you of an English *demesne*, and it is part of Dr Stewart's education of the natives that the place should be kept spic and span. Not a decayed leaf is lying about, the walks are perfectly clean and every bush and bit of paling is kept in thorough order and repair. This alone is an education to the too indolent natures of the races for whom nature provides so much on such easy terms as to labour. Dr Stewart's own house is a one-storied building—plain but comfortable and with the many refinements and elegancies with which the willing hands of refined ladies know so well how to adorn a house. Need I say that in the grounds and charming gardens you can find specimens of all the fruits, vegetables, shrubs, trees, and flowers which the beautiful climate can produce. The same good order marks the farm work. For there is

### **A Large Farm and Grazing.**

The whole extends to about 2000 acres, and is the property of the Free Church. I cannot tell with what interest I looked over the place on our first afternoon!

Classes cease early in the afternoon, and outdoor work and games engage the pupils and students of the institution. Lovedale is a Telegraph Station; and the office of the place, besides one or two whites, has in it a native clerk, our good friend Mr John Knox Bokwe. We met him when he was in Scotland some three years ago, and he spent an evening at our home. Mr Bokwe is an accomplished, all round, Christian gentleman, and as pleasant a little fellow as one could meet, and not the least warm welcome was

given us by his smiling dusky countenance, which fairly shone to see my good wife again. The workshops and new house being erected for Dr Stewart were visited in the afternoon. All the building, joiner, and other work, is done by the residents—black and white.

Time would fail me in telling of all the staff of Lovedale. Most are, of course, Scotch. Almost all knew me, and I knew all about some of them. I was agreeably surprised to meet Miss Gibson from Paisley, whom I had met more than once before she set out to be a Missionary in connection with the Cape General Mission. She has joined Lovedale, and just a week before our visit had become engaged to the young minister who has recently also gone to the place, the Rev. Mr Lennox—a fine young fellow. He is getting a treasure of a lady, who gave up the comforts of an affluent home to serve Christ in the mission field. Mr and Mrs Geddes are beau-ideal housekeepers. We accepted their invitation to breakfast with the 300 or 400 boarders, and next morning

### **The Scene was a Memorable One.**

It was interesting to be asked by one of the staff whether we were father and mother of two girls whom he used to teach in Albert Road School, Pollokshields. I met again Mr Gray, the head-joiner, who belongs to Errol, and who married a Miss M'Ash whom we knew well 25 years ago. Mrs Gray, unfortunately, died some time ago at Lovedale. Messrs M'Gillivray, Stormont, and others could recall incidents too, about former meetings with us, which made us feel quite at home in this charming community. Not the least

interesting thing we saw was the musical drill, by Miss Stewart, of a class of children. They were of all shades of colour, and the antics of two little boys were very amusing.

The direct spiritual work, of which Lovedale is the centre of influence for many miles around, is committed to the hands of a devoted band of workers. But the lives led by Dr Stewart's and the other households are by way of example not an unimportant factor in the raising of the morale of the district—an unconscious but potent influence for good. I found Dr Stewart everywhere spoken of in the most respectful and even affectionate terms, and this sometimes in quarters where native missions find no countenance or support.

During the day, Dr Stewart asked me to give a lecture in the evening. On my consenting, a type-written notice was sent through the place. The consequence was a large audience, some 500 I should say, in the large hall. Dr Stewart presided, and I discoursed for over an hour on the composer of

#### **"The Messiah."**

I also sang some solos. But the most interesting part of the proceedings was to hear the Lovedale choir sing the first chorus in the "Messiah," after I had sung "Comfort Ye." The choir numbered about thirty. They had only had the chorus two or three nights before them, but they sang it without a hitch. The dark girls seem very apt musicians and sang sweetly and with confidence, and there are some deep basses amongst the young men. To me it sounded very touching to hear the announcement of the victorious advent of the Prince of Peace, heralded in such a place and by such vocalists. For this district used to be a

scene of sanguinary fights between the British forces and the natives. I tried to suit my remarks on the "Messiah" to the circumstances, and if the plaudits of the audience and the too flattering references to my lecture by Dr Stewart be any criterion, I did so with some success. As we knelt around "the family altar" in the evening, and joined together in singing an evening hymn, one could not but thank God that such centres of light and good influence have been erected by Scottish Christians, and that all the use that is made of our enormous British possessions in Africa is not merely to make money!

After to-day's interesting breakfast party, to which I have already referred, we made a hurried run through the various class rooms, the kitchen, and dormitories. Here we found English history in full swing; there a class in theology; in one place dusky faces were anxious over erudite questions in grammar; in another vulgar fractions racked the brains concealed under woolly "pows." Needlework, laundry work, cooking, writing and kindergarten classes all claimed our interested attention till lunch time. After this we visited Mr Bokwe's cottage—neat and trim—to which he soon takes a second wife; for he lost his wife—a most interesting native girl—some two and a half years ago. We also went up the hill and made some calls, under Mr Bokwe's guidance, upon some "raw" or "red"

### **Kaffirs in their Native Kraals.**

Entering two or three, we found them neat and clean, though primitive, with a fireplace but no chimney! But I daresay they were good specimens—unconsciously influenced for betterment by their very proximity to Lovedale.

It was with almost tearful regret we bade "Good-bye" to Lovedale this afternoon. It was lovely bright sunshine—though, of course, nearing midwinter—warm, calm, genial, dry and bracing. We were much pressed to rearrange our programme and stay longer, but we could not yield. Dr Stewart and I had a last hearty pinch of snuff together, and I expressed an earnest hope soon to see him again and Moderator in Edinburgh of our Free Church Assembly.\* The kind ladies loaded us with good wishes and kind messages to friends in Scotland, till Mr Tarrant gave the signal to his pair of spirited horses to start. Away we sped up hill, and in little over half an hour got our last glimpse of Lovedale lying in its sylvan hollow, backed by the distant Amatolas and the Alpine peaks of the Elandsberg Mountains, all bathed in the purple of a glorious sunset. We reached this place just as darkness set in.

GRAHAMSTOWN, *23rd May.*

Our evening at Fort Beaufort was spent quietly in a somewhat primitive hotel in this up-country town, once famous as a fortified centre, as the large barracks still testify. I found that the Rev. Mr Hainsworth, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was from home. Mr Tarrant and a very intelligent German kept us in interesting talk till bed time. The night was very, very dark and somewhat stormy—a hot wind. This morning we were early astir, and ready for our ten hours' drive to this place. It is nearly fifty miles, I think, and we had only one

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\* This hope has been abundantly realised in Dr Stewart's dignified and impressive Moderatorship this year—1899.

change of horses! We breakfasted at a very lonely, but rather nice hotel near the Kunap River—fifteen miles on. After that our drive took us through the wildest and most picturesque country we have seen in South Africa. We crossed two rivers by bridges—the Kunap and the Great Fish River near Fort Brown, a headquarters in the various wars. But the finest thing was the scenery on what is called the Queen's Road, finished in jubilee year. We ascended a hill about 2000 feet high by a winding road cut out of the hill sides, frequently rock. The hill is entirely covered with wood and scrub bushes, and is cut up by many glens. These are still frequented by numerous leopards which have very excellent cover there. Baboons are also numerous, but very shy. We saw neither leopard nor baboon. But on one part of the road a few common apes crossed our path. As we wound around the rocky fastnesses we sometimes passed along by fearful places. Consider that we were in a two-wheeled car with four horses, and that there was not even an apology for a wall by the side of the road which sometimes turned sharp corners—a yawning depth of about 500 feet, sometimes almost quite perpendicular, being within a yard of our off-side wheel! I think my wife sometimes shut her eyes! We were alone with a black driver. Once he left us while the horses rested for five minutes at a steep place. I held the reins till he should return; but I thought, what if the horses should back! How powerless one would have been. It was certainly very grand scenery. But I breathed more freely when we reached the top of the Table land, in a region of ostrich farms within a dozen miles of this town.

The place where we changed horses was the most



lonely and savage looking situation we have seen. A black man brought the horses from a primitive-looking stable in the brushwood. With him came a young, black but comely damsel of some twenty years. She had only a blanket on and a variety of bracelets, anklets, &c. I had a little conversation with her, and found their usage in rings was not like ours, for she was unmarried, although wearing a plain ring on her third finger. Our driver was our interpreter. She



*Ostrich and Chicks.*

seemed a merry, unsophisticated soul, and I was sorry I did not have time to get more of her ideas on things in general. I have seldom seen a handsomer figure, or more graceful gait, than she had, and she was as plump as a partridge.

Grahamstown was reached an hour or two before sunset, so we had time to have a look round. From the heights, as we approached it, we could see that this city may well claim to be the finest in the

Colony. It has several very handsome churches, besides an hospital, various colleges, and fine public offices. The streets are wide, and have rows of trees on either side. All around are fir woods on the hills which compass the town. Though not far from the sea, it is 2000 feet above sea level. As a seat of education, an emporium for ostrich feathers, and a health resort, it has an old-established reputation. It was named after a Scotch general who did a great deal for the district, and has a marble monument to his memory in the large cathedral church in the centre of the main street. Altogether the place reminded me, for situation, of Moffat, and, for character, of St Andrews.

I presented a letter of introduction to Mr Gowie, one of the firm of great nurserymen, famous over all South Africa. He was extremely kind, and trusted us for a drive to-morrow morning to see his nurseries and the public park, botanic gardens, &c.

### **Rev. C. Spurgeon.**

To-night was dark and wet, in spite of a beautiful sunset, so we put on wraps, took out our umbrellas, and hied to the Baptist Chapel to hear the Rev. C. Spurgeon. The audience was not very large in the tasteful church, but the service was most impressive, Mr Spurgeon has been here some time, and this was his farewell discourse. He seems a fine young fellow—much taller and smarter than his late father—like his mother in the face, but with his father's tones in speaking. His discourse was more ornate in style than his father's sermons usually were, but it had a family likeness to them. I am glad we had the chance of

hearing Mr Spurgeon, and very little would have made me go up afterwards and shake hands with him for his father's sake (who was well known to my brothers, and with whom I shook hands once in St Enoch's Station in Glasgow). However, I forebore, seeing so many bidding him good-bye. He leaves to-morrow. We leave also for Port Elizabeth early in the afternoon.

PORT ELIZABETH, *24th May.*

Mr Gowie took us a fine drive all over Grahams-town, and we saw the sights to which I referred. I called and had a few minutes' chat with the Presbyterian minister. He has more connection with English Presbyterianism than Scotch, but he gave us a hearty welcome, and offered us much kindness if we would only stay a day or two. Mr Gowie is one of his principal people, and superintendent of the Sabbath School. The church, beside the manse, is a good one. We looked into the Cathedral, and were charmed with the Botanic Gardens, which are certainly the finest I ever saw for luxuriance and beautiful natural situation.

This morning Grahamstown was all in a flutter, it being the Queen's Birthday. It is held as a close holiday all over South Africa, and here the loyal demonstrations, the processions and bands of both regulars and volunteers, the firing of salutes and the flags everywhere displayed, sufficiently indicate how very loyal the "City of the Saints" is. Again we said good-bye to friends, regretting our stay was only for one night. My good friend, the late Mr Moses Buchanan, emigration agent, Glasgow, gave us the introduction to Mr Gowie, who was a bosom friend of his son, Mr

Tertius Buchanan. The last-named stayed here for years for his health, and was teacher in the Academy—a genial, gentle spirit he was; and his memory is cherished with peculiar tenderness by many in Grahamstown.

On going to the Railway Station, we soon found Mr Spurgeon was to be our companion for the six hours' ride to this town. His only fear was lest my wife should object to smoking! We soon set this right, and we had a most enjoyable day together. I don't know how many cigars we smoked, but my wife says they were numerous. Mr Spurgeon is a most entertaining companion, having travelled literally over all the world. His stories of travel, and the incidents we drew from him about his father and mother, made the journey look all too short. We dined together at Alicedale Junction, and my wife and he had great comparing of their purchases of ostrich feathers. Mr Spurgeon, I think, made the best bargains! We were passing through the

### **Best Ostrich Farm District.**

and saw many fine birds. There is some good scenery, though bare, in the district of "Highlands" Station, otherwise it is a tame but apparently fertile bush country. At Coerney there are some woods where wild elephants are still preserved, but we saw none, though we watched for them. The Game Laws protect these from indiscriminate slaughter.

To-night, though wet, we had a turn around this town, and then went again to hear Mr Spurgeon in the fine Town Hall. There was a large audience, and we got a very brilliant discourse on a verse in "Numbers," where the people were asked to remember

the day of their deliverance (I forget the words). It was a farewell discourse. This day was a holiday here too, and I have just heard a party of young men going along the street shouting "Annie Laurie" in parts, and evidently Scotchmen. To-morrow, we have a look around and then embark on board the R.M.S. "Lismore Castle" for Cape Town.

R.M.S. "LISMORE CASTLE," lying in Algoa Bay,  
*25th May.*

Port Elizabeth reminds me very much of Kirkcaldy. Only it is more a trading centre and less a manufacturing town. It is about the same size. It has about 24,000 of a population. There are many fine warehouses and churches substantially built of stone. It is a "lang toon," built around this bay. There are scarcely any trees visible, looking from the "Bay" into the town; but over the brow of the hill it is well wooded, and there is a nice public park, as we found this morning on going over the hill top, which we did in spite of the rain. The number of churches we counted was very great. The fine old Episcopal Church is a blackened ruin, having been entirely destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. The Roman Catholic Church is the finest in the town, but the Presbyterian though not very large makes a good second. As is usual the Wesleyans are apparently all alive in Port Elizabeth. This forenoon was not pleasant for sight-seeing, being showery. Still we saw through the museum and public markets, with the fine Wool Market Hall and its organ, the largest in South Africa. The former has seating accommodation for an audience of 2000 or 2500 and the latter is an instrument with 3 manuals,

built for the Kimberley Exhibition three years ago. A trip to the extreme north end of the bay by tram,



*Port Elizabeth from the Jetty.*

took us as far as the golf links and allowed us to see the general character of the buildings which are very substantial. The town well deserves the name of

**"The Liverpool" of South Africa.**

The Customs duties of the port amount to about £500,000 annually, and exceed those of even Cape Town (with its fine docks) by nearly 50 per cent.

Early this afternoon we came on board this fine ship, choosing to go to Cape Town in her, rather than the "Roslin Castle," for two reasons — first, because she is to be our home on our way to Britain again, thus saving lifting our luggage, and, secondly, because going by the "Lismore Castle," we shall have the opportunity of seeing Mossel Bay. We

chose to go home by this Intermediate rather than by Mail Boat, also for two reasons — first, because we want a quiet rest going back, and not the turmoil and excitement of a floating hotel with all its engagements, and second, we wish to see the Canary Islands on the return journey instead of Madeira again, pretty as it is.

The embarkation in the wet and with the roll which was on, in the Bay, was a little exciting. In our tug we had several "Roslin Castle" passengers. Amongst them was Mr Spurgeon, to whom we said good-bye with much regret. He returns to England (after a fortnight in Cape Town) by the "Dunottar Castle." Soon after our embarkation the weather cleared, and we have now a fine evening. Port Elizabeth looks very attractive in the evening glow, after the rain. We have several neighbouring ships lying peacefully at anchor around us. There to our right, is the "Pembroke Castle," with her four masts, a vessel which can boast of having had on board the most notable luncheon party which ever met on a steamer. There were

#### **Twenty-Nine European Royalties on Board,**

including the Czar and other crowned heads, and Lord Tennyson and Mr Gladstone were also of that notable party at Copenhagen enjoying Sir Donald Currie's princely hospitality. In front of us lies the "Roslin Castle," looking, as she always does, so smart and fit that you can scarcely realise that she is a vessel of 4500 tons. A little further off looms the "Dunottar Castle," just arrived with the English mail, part of which we find so interesting this morning in the shape of home letters. She is the only two-funneled vessel of

the Castle fleet. Though not quite so large as the "Tantallon Castle," she is nearly 6000 tons, and has proved herself the most successful Cape liner afloat, it is said. On our left is the "St George," one of the newest and most powerful warships afloat. She has a huge turret with two 60-ton guns, and were she to open fire she could sink every vessel in this bay and level the town of Port Elizabeth in a very few hours.

How pretty Port Elizabeth looks, and what a pretty name the town has! This morning we read the quaint inscription that is carved on yonder Pyramid, beside the Observatory. It runs: "To the memory of one of the most perfect of human beings, who has given her name to the town below." I had to confess ignorance of the particular "Elizabeth," whose virtues are thus recorded. But on enquiry I find the monument was erected by the first Governor of the place about the year 1820. In that year 5000 emi-



*Main Street, Port Elizabeth.*



grants landed on the sandy and bleak shores of Algoa Bay, and at once the town was laid out by Sir Rufane Donkin. Lady Elizabeth, his wife, having gained golden opinions by nursing invalids in an outbreak of fever (through which she lost her life), has had her virtues recorded on the monument and her name perpetuated in the name of the town.

The "Roslin Castle" has just weighed anchor and steamed off for Cape Town. We follow to-morrow. It seems making up for a little bit of a breeze. The south coast is frequently rough.

*Sunday Evening.*

We have a pleasant little company on board, and have had a quiet day of rest and enjoyment. We got under steam early in the afternoon. This has been a lovely calm day. The breeze did not come off! We did not go ashore to church. The bay was busy with crafts of various kinds carrying visitors to the different vessels lying in this anchorage. I was a little sorry, when it was too late, that we did not arrange to attend service on the "St George." It was interesting to hear the various bugle calls on the warship this morning, and to see the bustling about of the 700 of a crew previous to

**The Church Parade.**

We could hear the manly voices of the tars singing in the service — floated over to us in the bright sunshine over sparkling waters. One hymn was heard quite distinctly. It was that ever beautiful one, "Our Blest Redeemer ere He breathed His tender last farewell." How different this from the hoarse roar of battle, from

which the Good Lord protect the gallant "St George!" I shall ever follow with interest the fortunes of that fine vessel. We saw her first in Simon's Bay, a month ago, when we went to visit Captain Leckie and his wife (of H.M.S. "Swallow"—another of the same squadron, of which the "St George" is flagship).

Captain Le Sueur tells me he never before had such a calm sea in this latitude as we are having to-day. We have not been out of sight of land the whole day. To-morrow morning we call at Mossel Bay; but we pass, without seeing it, a still more interesting place, Knysna, the prettiest land-locked harbour perhaps in the world. It is surrounded by ancient forests, in which wild elephants roam about, and some gold has been found in the vicinity. We pass many other interesting spots—the scene of the loss of the "Birkenhead" troop ship, the Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point of the Continent dividing the Indian Ocean from the Atlantic; and the Cape of Good Hope, with its lighthouse 800 feet above sea level, and seen 36 miles at sea. But as my wife says, we cannot expect to see everything in this enormous country in five weeks; and we have seen as much as will give us plenty to think about for years to come! The quiet and comfort of this spacious ship are very welcome after so much knocking about and changing of beds and interminable packing and unpacking. Our cabin is a very nice one, and already we have ample evidence that the cooking and provisioning of the ship are *À1*. We anticipate great pleasure from our three weeks' stay on board on our way home. We go early to bed, because Captain Le Sueur says we must be ready by seven o'clock in the morning to go ashore for a couple of hours' run around Mossel Bay.

R.M.S. "LISMORE CASTLE," lying in Table Bay,  
28th May.

We arrived here this morning at daybreak. The striking appearance of Table Mountain impressed us more forcibly than did our first look at its rocky steeps. Our voyage round from Algoa Bay has been very pleasant.

Yesterday morning we were astir by six o'clock seeing the approach to Mossel Bay—so called because of its fame for mussels and other shell-fish. Aliwal South is the proper name of the small town. The shore is picturesque, though somewhat bare—the rock scenery being good. The bay is well protected from the Indian Ocean swell. By seven o'clock we were in a small boat, which soon landed us on to the jetty—a merry little party of four we were, consisting of Captain Le Sueur, Mrs Latter—who is an attractive young married lady from the Orange Free State on her way to her old English home on a visit—my wife, and myself. We were received courteously by Captain Harris, of the Boating Company, and he promised to have his trap in readiness by the time we had got breakfast in the plain, but comfortable-looking, hotel. Here we had fresh eggs and other appetizing dishes, finishing with the delightful oysters, for which the place is famous. We then drove to

#### **The Bathing Place,**

which is well worth seeing. It is a large natural swimming pond, guarded by high rocks, to which the tide reaches by a deep fissure. Here every convenience for undressing and diving has been added, so that the bathing place is very complete. Ladies have their

bathing hours, when men are not permitted to cross the isthmus which leads to the place.

Near the Bath a view is got of a cliff whose outline, as seen against the sky, gives a profile portrait of the strong and resolute features of Mr Gladstone, the G.O.M., who has his idolaters as well as his detractors here, as in Scotland. I secured a good photograph of this rock for lantern purposes. Our next visit was made to

### **The Public Park and Gardens.**

Every town in South Africa has its park and gardens. These are very creditable to a so-called town, which is really only a village about the size of Friockheim. We visited the public buildings, and also saw some very nice villas. Mossel Bay is a favourite watering place at certain seasons for Cape Town and cities up country. It has as yet no connection by railway. The "Castle" and other steamers are its best means of communication, both east and west. This remark applies to all the coast towns in the colony, for the railway does not skirt the coast. Each town has its line going direct inland. These lines are all connected far up country, but so far away, that it is a very, very long journey to go from, say, Cape Town to Port Elizabeth by rail. Considering the speed and comfort of the steamers and the slowness of the railways, and taking into account the difficulty of making a coast Line and the poor country it would pass through, there is not much prospect of such a Railway being made. There is, however, a good district around Oudtshoorn which would give trade to Mossel Bay if connected with it by rail. There are some nice trees and shrubs and fruit trees in the gardens of the town; and several good places of worship, including a Roman Catholic Chapel, give

the place an air of dignity and respectability. I think there is almost as much

### **Over-Churching in South African Towns**

as there is in Scotland. Rival Protestant denominations each set up a church where there ought to be more union. What is the use of Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, not to speak of Plymouthists, Dutch Reformed, and Lutherans, all fighting for their own hand, where half the number of churches would suffice?

Last autumn I witnessed the sorrowful parting of a lady and her fifteen-year old daughter at the Central Station, Glasgow. The young lady was going to friends at Mossel Bay, as her parents feared the effects of our winter on their girl, who had developed some tendencies to chest or throat affections. I made some enquiry for this young lady, and sent word that I should like to see her—if able to come—at the pier before we embarked again. Judge of my surprise when a girl, radiant with health and good spirits, with another of about the same age, tripped down to the jetty to bid us good-bye. She was so much stronger from escaping our terrific Scotch winter, and having enjoyed, instead, the brilliant South African summer, that I positively would not have known her! I shall have good news for one lady when I get home, viz., the mother of that fine girl!

KENILWORTH NEAR CAPE TOWN,  
*Same Evening.*

We did some shopping and made some calls in Cape Town to-day. One call was an interesting one.

I found at the Castle Line offices that Mr Thomson, editor of the *South African Review*, had been enquiring for us. He is the son of a worthy neighbour of ours in Pollokshields. We called at his office, and had a long chat. He told us he was now the proud father of a big boy—born only two days ago. Would my wife go out to Sea Point and call to see the child and report to the grandparents? Of course, a mother—not to say a grandmother!—could not resist such a request. So in the afternoon

### **We took Tram to Sea Point,**

and climbed a steep brae to the nice cottage where lay the pretty young wife and her baby. I was not allowed into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the house; but I am sure I am safe to report to good Mr and Mrs Thomson, Cransley, West Pollokshields, that they have every reason to be proud of their daughter-in-law and grandson.

We came out to this charming suburb of Cape Town this afternoon, and for the second time since we arrived in South Africa are guests in a private house. The house is a large and extremely handsome villa, about 7 miles from the city by rail. Kenilworth is next station to Wynberg, and is near the back of Table Mountain in the splendid sylvan country to which I have referred in former letters. Our hostess and host are beau-ideal in their quiet hospitality, and the house has every comfort and elegance which the Cape can provide, even to electric lamps in our spacious and richly-furnished bed-room. We dined at seven o'clock, after spending an hour on the verandah smoking cigars and watching the sunset tints on the

Hottentot and Drakensberg Mountains behind Stellenbosch. Our evening was pleasantly passed with music, and cracks about the many friends and interests in

### **Huld Scotia so Dear to us All.**

The music, as becomes the house of a passionately loyal West Highlander, has been largely Scottish. Before daylight quite faded, we had a walk through the extensive grounds—some ten or twelve acres—of a mansion-house near this, which was recently purchased by Sir Donald Currie. The place is not occupied, but its forest and fruit trees give it possibilities which may yet make it one of the most delightful of all the many fine residences in this beautiful district.

It has been arranged that we shall to-morrow (Wednesday) do the famous circular drive round Table Mountain by Houts Bay. It is about thirty miles, and is said to be one of the finest drives in the world for varied and impressive scenery. We find that our ship, the "Lismore Castle," is not to leave till Friday or Saturday. To see home again will be very sweet, but I don't think we are sorry for the detention here of two more days. The delay is caused by the non-appearance of a party of Boers, with seventy-four horses, all going with us to Mossamedes. This is a town on the West Coast, in Portuguese territory—Angola—where we shall be in such tropical climate that we may see cocoa-nut palms. It is only about 15 degrees from the Equator. The Boers are going to join a tribe of fellow-countrymen who trekked to the district some years ago, through Khama's country and over the Kalahari Desert. Many died during the trek,

as Khama had foreseen. So much have they journeyed out of the track of civilization that they were looked upon as "a lost tribe." Thursday is to be a gala day in Cape Town—a general holiday—for Sir Hercules Robinson, the new Governor, is to arrive, and be received as becomes the representative of Queen Victoria. We shall see a historical sight.

KENILWORTH, CAPE TOWN,  
*29th May.*

Our host, who is a good weather prophet, thought we ought to start early for our Houts Bay drive, as he saw signs of a breakdown in the weather; but he thought we might be back here before the rain began. So we started soon after breakfast, and the event proved the correctness of the weather forecast, for the rain set in just as we arrived from our drive. Going through Cape Town, we saw the "Table Cloth" on Table Mountain.

The rainfall is a very curious study in this country. In the Western province the rainy season is now—in winter; while in Natal and the Eastern Province there is no rain in winter, and only heavy tropical rains in summer—*i.e.*, in December, January, and February. On the Karoo there is very little rain at all, although up-country there are some places with a considerable annual rainfall. A characteristic of the climate all over South Africa is that when it does rain "it pours." They have not the constant drizzle we have in Scotland—especially in the West. It rains hard and is done with it! This may not be the best for the soil and crops; but it is decidedly pleasant to live in such a climate. And for



some fruit crops, such as grapes, it is best that the summer is dry and rainless. And there is no country which produces such weight of grapes per acre as does the district around Cape Town.

Our circular drive to Houts Bay and back quite came up to my expectation. At first we passed along a level country near the sea beach and sands. Then, as suddenly as the Cliffs of Arbroath begin, we entered upon a rocky shore, and the road took us up a hill side. On our right we soon had wild rocks, upon which the Atlantic swell breaks with violence. On our left were the "Lion's Head" and the

### **"Twelve Apostles"**

—the latter being a dozen peaks in the range of which Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak are the other end. The mountains I have named kept with us for eight or ten miles, and my pen is unfit to describe their solemn and weird grandeur, towering up to 3500 feet, and at every turn assuming new and fantastic combinations. There are cliffs 2000 feet of sheer perpendicular height sometimes—then slopes, clothed with silver trees and every variety of sub-tropical shrub. Rose bushes, wild geraniums, and scores of wild flowers whose names I forget, carpeted the hill sides. The sun shone brilliantly, and butterflies of many hues flitted about—and this is winter. Left and right, therefore, we had sea and rock, mountains and cliffs on such a scale as utterly to dwarf our Scottish scenery of the same kind. Our Red Head, near Ethie, would not have been seen alongside the wild grandeur of the Twelve Apostles. Even Glencoe is tame in comparison! (By the bye, there is a "Glencoe

Junction" on the Natal Railway!) Turning landward at the end of the higher range, and crossing a "Nek" which cuts off a final round peak from the other hills, we began to descend into a narrow Highland Glen, which terminates in a cliff-bound bay like Lunan Bay, but much larger. This is Houts Bay. We drove to the hotel and outspanned our four panting horses, and roamed about the seashore picking up curious shells and bits of sponge. My wife secured a curious double shell which, without any cutting or other interference, is quite ready to be set on our supper table as a small cruet or double salt cellar.

We enjoyed our luncheon very much after the walk



*Edendale Falls, Natal.*

and drive, and soon were again on the way uphill—now behind the Table Mountain range. I cannot detail or describe all the beautiful points of view; but there is one place in the road supremely beautiful. It is at the top of a long incline, when the whole countryside around Constantia bursts on the traveller's view. This is the famous wine farm district. Richly wooded it is, and with hundreds of acres of vineyards all around. To our left was Table Mountain now. A billowy country of trees and vineyards lay in front. The waters of False Bay appeared in the distance to the right, and the distant, dark, and mysterious-looking Hottentot Mountains backed the scene as far as the eye could reach. It is

### **A Magnificent Landscape!**

We plunged into this vast plain, and the remaining miles of our drive to Kenilworth led us through a constant succession of avenues by the side of villages and vineyards which I shall not attempt to describe.

We reached our home in time for afternoon tea, and just as the first drops of rain began to fall. A gay scene was in progress in the dining-room. It was the second birthday of our host and hostess's pretty little daughter, and there was a gathering of her young friends, accompanied in some cases by dark native servants, to do honour to the occasion, and help to dispose of a beautiful cake. It was a pretty sight; for some of the children were strikingly beautiful, and all were handsomely dressed. But soon carriages were summoned, and the gay little party was broken up. It was very interesting to see gallant little two-year-old boys saying good-bye to their little friend! I wonder

if in after years they will recollect the happy afternoon of 29th May, 1895. Children here, as in all warm climates, mature earlier, and are much further "advanced" than in higher latitudes.

Though wet, the evening was mild, so we could sit in the verandah and smoke for an hour with comfort till the dressing bell summoned us. For this evening we had a dinner party, and very enjoyable and very merry it was. An adjournment to the smoking-room for cigars and coffee, before we joined the ladies, revealed an amount of Scotch wit and humour in our small party and a fund of stories about early days in the old country which would have almost sufficed for an additional volume of Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*. Scotland and Scottish music largely entered into the drawing-room talk as well. While I write, the rain still threatens us with a bad day for the Cape Town festivities of to-morrow.

KENILWORTH, CAPE TOWN,  
*30th May.*

This morning the sun shone through fleecy clouds, and, all around, the trees and flowers look fresher for the rain of last night. Our genial host met us with the cheerful news at breakfast, that "the glass" was up fully a tenth, and that, after all, the day might be fine. And so it turned out—a splendid day. We left for Cape Town by the 9.47 train, our host having preceded us an hour earlier. He met us at the station, which is near the foot of Adderley Street, up which the Governor was advertised to ride in state. We found the fine street transfigured by flags and triumphal arches, and lined on both sides by a great crowd, kept in

order and back to the pavements by members of the C.M.R (Cape Mounted Rifles) and soldiers of the Black Watch in full Highland dress. A grand stand was erected in front of the new Post Office, which is nearly as large and fine as our Glasgow one in George Square. This stand was to be the centre of attraction. Under a floral canopy there were gathered there the Corporation, glorious in ermine, and with them several of the clergy of all denominations, from the Bishop in his shovel hat to the gorgeous Malay Mohammedan high priest in picturesque Oriental robes. There were also many notable civilians, amongst whom it was easy to recognise the great

**Mr Cecil Rhodes,**

Prime Minister of the Colony, plainly dressed, and looking very much as if the whole thing were a bit of a bore. We had got capital seats on the stand, by our host's thoughtful kindness, and were ready—waiting for the procession. It was very interesting to scan the people, and have all the “big-wigs” pointed out to us. The crowd was just like a Glasgow one, with one or two differences. There was the same good humour and chaffing going on. The inevitable dog which always appears in such cases, rushing about the centre of the street gave occasion to the same laughter. The ubiquitous photographer was to be seen on every “coign of vantage.” But there were no drunk or half-drunk men or women, no cursing or swearing which we could hear. No poor ill-fed and half-clad wretches from slummy dens hovered on the outskirts of the crowd. I had time to recollect, too, on looking on the crowd, that, during all our six weeks' touring

in all sorts of places in South Africa, we had *never once been accosted by a beggar*.

But my reflections were soon broken in upon by the booming of a cannon and the sound of a military band in the distance. By and by the carriages filed past, leaving more *grandees* at our stand amidst the murmured expectancy of the crowd. Then cheers arose as Sir Hercules\* and Lady Robinson made their entry through the floral arch to our right. It bore "Welcome back to Cape Town," for Sir Hercules was once Governor before, and was popular. Lady Robinson was beside him. She is a large-featured, bouncing woman of about 60, and is a daughter, I believe, of an Irish earl. He is 70, but wears his years lightly, being a tall, stout, and well-built man of florid complexion. His features betoken great firmness, and I imagine the dignity of the empire will be safe in his hands as High Commissioner for the whole of British South Africa.



*West Street, Durban.*

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\* Afterwards Lord Rosmead—and since deceased.

General Goodenough,\* the military head of the Colonial Forces, was in attendance in brilliant uniform.

Stepping on to the platform in front of the grand stand, addresses of welcome with elaborate replies (all very cordial and nice, as we see from the evening paper) were read, and then the procession was resumed. At the foot of Government Avenue was another floral arch; and a choir of 600 school children lustily sang "God save the Queen" when the carriages reached the spot. Everything, according to the newspaper, passed off well in Government House where the oath of fidelity was taken by the new Governor and High Commissioner. The city during the whole afternoon maintained a holiday appearance, but there was not a single evidence of ill behaviour of any kind. The gorgeous costumes of the Malays — both men and women — added brightness and brilliance to the whole day's sightseeing.

During the afternoon we made some calls, and met and were introduced to Mr John Noble,\* the clerk of Parliament, for whom we had left a letter of introduction fully a month ago on our arrival. He had been seeking for us in the forenoon to take us to see the ceremony in Government House. We missed this, but cordially accepted his invitation to lunch with him in the Houses of Parliament to-morrow.

This evening has been pleasantly spent with our good friends here; and it is our last with them. We go on board the Lismore Castle to-morrow evening (even although we may not start till the following morning), taking all our baggage and getting settled down for our homeward trip.

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\* Since deceased.

(S. S.) LISMORE CASTLE, IN CAPE  
TOWN DOCKS, *1st June.*

We came on board last night and we expect to leave for home shortly after mid-day to-day. Yesterday was spent in saying "good-bye" to various friends. One very pleasant call was to see Mrs Parker, wife of a leading architect here. She is a daughter of our dear friend, the Rev. G. G. Green, United Presbyterian minister in Glasgow. I remember her father's coming out here with her three or four years ago for her marriage. Now she has two pretty children. Her house is high up on the Kloof Road and has a fine view of Table Bay. We went punctually at 12.45 to the Parliament House to meet Mr Noble. As my wife was to be with me, he had a nice luncheon spread in his own private room, ladies not being admitted to the regular dining-room set apart for members and their friends. Mr Noble has been

### **Principal Clerk to Parliament**

now for a long while and he has been in the Colony altogether for over thirty years. He knows the Cape thoroughly, and I set great store by his opinions and information on various points. He is originally Scotch, and his standpoint in looking at such questions as the Native one, which is so much canvassed, is the broad Christian one. He is one of the warm admirers of Dr Stewart (Lovedale). We enjoyed our hour with Mr Noble exceedingly. As we sat with him we got a capital sight of Mr Rhodes walking in the grounds of the House. Mr Noble tried to find Sir James Sievwright



for us, that I might present my letters of introduction to him, but failed. I regret this very much, because Sir James is one of the best known Parliamentarians in the Cape, and one of the most forceful Scotsmen in South Africa. He is a very early friend of my brother-in-law, Rev. Mr Lilley, Arbroath. We left Mr Noble at 1.45 as he had to get on his robes and wig and take his place at the table. He procured for us orders for the Speaker's gallery, and we saw the opening ceremony, which resembles that of our own House of Commons in every particular. Procedure seems also very similar. Petitions are first lodged. Then questions are answered and the business for the day follows.

### **The Leader of the Opposition,**

made a motion touching the much-debated question of Import Duties which is raising up so much popular feeling, and he made a good free-trade speech. He had some hits at the Premier, who took up his place on the front Government bench just in the middle of his opponent's remarks. Mr Rhodes made a very temperate and gentlemanly reply. There followed a tempestuous oration in Dutch from an up-country member, and what seemed a sarcastic reply, also in Dutch, from the front Opposition bench below the gangway. To my thinking, the Opposition had much the best of the argument. But Mr Rhodes has at present to trim his sails to catch the votes of the Afrikaner Bond, which is strongly for protecting the agricultural interest. This Bond is a very powerful society, largely Dutch and Conservative, and has a powerful influence on parties in the politics of the Cape.

A rather interesting ceremony was the swearing-in of the new member for Kimberley, who is no less a notability than the "Diamond King"—Mr Barney Barnato.\* He is not, as I thought, an Irishman, but is a Jew, and Barney, I suppose, is short for Bartholomew. He is a dapper man of about 40 or 45 years of age, and has the look of what we used to call in Arbroath a "counter-louper." He is not such a hero in Cape Town as he is in London! He smilingly took his seat on the back bench, on the Government side. It is a testimony to Mr Rhodes' power that many members for towns are actually dragged at his heels in his present movement for bolstering up the farmers by largely increasing the duties on produce. The towns, of course, have nothing to gain from Australian mutton being made dearer.

Our last evening in South Africa was spent in the house of my very good friend, Mr Dent, dock manager for the Castle Line. His is indeed a happy family circle. We met his eldest son—home after his first voyage on a sailing ship—and the captain of his ship also spent the evening with us. We had a most instructive and enjoyable evening's conversation on seafaring topics. I only regret we missed seeing Mr and Mrs Dent's eldest daughter, who was married a day before our arrival at Cape Town a month ago. We remember her so well as a pretty and engaging girl.

It was nearly ten last night when we came on board and took up our quarters in this comfortable ship. While I write passengers are hurrying on board, and the last of our seventy-four horses has been stabled below. I must go on deck and say "good-bye."

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\* Since deceased.

## SAME EVENING—AT SEA

We are now fairly on our way to England—at least to Mossamedes *en route* for Grand Canary and *en route* for London. Quite a little crowd of friends came to say “*Au revoir.*” These included a fine young fellow in the Cape Railway service, who is son of neighbours of ours in Pollokshields; Mr M’Lean and Mr Andrew of the Castle Line, Mr Dent, Mr Macfarlane, and the other Castle Office fellows, besides a young Scotsman who came out under our care to fight his way in this far-off land, and several others.

We watched Table Mountain and his satellite hills disappear in the gloaming. First, the hills around Houts Bay sank beneath the wave, then Signal Hill and the Lion’s Head disappeared, and finally the huge table was withdrawn, and the aggressive looking Devil’s Peak also disappeared. We felt lonely and sad as we turned round and saw nothing but the “wide waste of waters.” I rallied my wife out of her very apparent sadness by reminding her we were going home! But we both felt great regret that our stay in “sunny South Africa” had come to an end.

## Cost of Travelling in the Cape.

We left London on the 5th and Southampton on the 6th April, and arrived in Table Bay just forty days ago. We have been in all twelve days in Cape Town. This leaves 28 days for our trip up country, or exactly four weeks. During that time we travelled 2000 miles by rail, 800 by sea, and 200 by post cart or coach. We “changed our bed” every night with the following ex-

ceptions — we stayed three nights in Bloemfontein, two in Johannesburg, four in Pietermaritzburg, and three in Durban, so that we were in twenty different beds in twenty-eight days! And yet we have never had a day's illness or missed a meal on land or sea. These facts speak volumes, I think, for South Africa as a tourist country, and the comparative ease and comfort with which a trip to the Cape can now be made. As to expense—we found hotels to range from 8s to 15s a-day for bed and board. The latter figure was paid only in Johannesburg. The average is about 10s 6d a-day staying at the best hotels; and it may be done for about 8s of an average in second-class hotels—comfortably enough too—by those who don't want luxury. Railway travelling is, however, dear, and coaching, is dearer still. The latter is nearly 1s per mile. Travelling by rail is 2d per mile, 2nd class; and 3d 1st class. None but coloured people travel 3rd class in the Cape or Natal.



*Church Street, Pietermaritzburg.*

*4th June.*

We have now had three days' steaming, and expect to be at Mossamedes to-morrow morning. I find the Dutchmen very interesting. They have a pastor—Rev. Mr Neethling—with them who speaks English like a native, and is a man of ability and education. He knows Scotland well and all its ecclesiastical splits, even to the "Auld Lights," whom he says their "Doppers" much resemble. There are "Doppers" in his party. President Kruger is a "dopper." One of their peculiarities is that they won't sing "human hymns" but only the psalms of David, and I think they must sing David's tunes too, or ones equally obsolete! For they had a Dutch service on Sabbath, and the singing of an average "Auld Licht" congregation is as much better than the melody of the Dutchmen, as the London Bach Choir excels the Auld Lights! The Rev. Mr Neethling tells me he finished his theological studies in Edinburgh, where he sat for a session at the feet of Principal Rainy. He has given me much interesting information about the South African churches, and he claims identity of doctrine and ecclesiastical position with the Free Church of Scotland. They hold the doctrine of national Christianity, but would not for a moment accept the position of a "National" Church. For he quaintly says State recognition and support always imply *some* control as well, and they utterly resent any State interference with their church courts.

R.M.S. LISMORE CASTLE, LYING AT  
MOSSAMEDES, *6th June.*

This place is 1200 miles north of Cape Town, and well within the Tropics, on the West Coast of Africa.

We arrived yesterday morning and have not yet finished landing the Dutchmen and their belongings. The seventy-four horses were very comfortably stabled between decks, and came out fresher than when they were shipped at Cape Town. We are lying half-a-mile from the jetty, and everything has to go ashore in barges. It was fun to see the horses individually swung in mid-air and lowered into the barges. Such kicking and squealing sometimes!

Some of us went ashore, both yesterday and to-day, to see this little-frequented place. It is Portuguese, and has every mark of this degenerate race. For instance, for the first time since leaving Madeira, we met with beggars.

### **The Streets are Ankle Deep with Sand.**

Sand is everywhere, and nothing but sand; and one wonders how the palms grow so well. At a distance the place looks lovely, but closer acquaintance disenchant. There is a barracks, a Governor's "Palace," (as they call it) a Romish church, and a rather nice-looking hospital. These stand on a sandy-looking cliff. We entered the church, and exchanged greetings with a fine-looking priest. I had left a new lighted cigar on the doorstep; on our coming out of the church it was gone, and the sentry close by looked as bland as a baby; but I knew he had my cigar in his pouch! However, as he had a rifle, and I only a stick, I said nothing, except that it was "a fine day!" But this remark is rather out of place here, seeing it seldom rains at all; and the sun blisters the place sometimes for three years on end without a drop of rain.

Going along the street, we heard sounds of a piano—actually!—and stood to listen and look at the fine caged birds in the window. It turned out that this was a ladies' boarding school, kept by an Irish lady, who, 30 years ago, must have been a very attractive woman. She observed us, and came out and invited us to go in. We went—fourteen of us—and sat for about an hour, and had a most interesting talk. Miss Deehan is almost Portuguese now; but she still has all the fine manner of an Irish gentlewoman. Her boarders are the children of Government officials and others, from a wide range of the West Coast. She pressed cake and wine, brandy and "Old Scotch" upon us, and showed us many curios got in this strange, out-of-the-world place. To-day we sent her a pressing invitation to join us on board at luncheon, and we regret that she could not come. I keep her courteous, old-mannered letter of thanks and refusal.

How very like Mossamedes, looked at from our steamer, is to a typical African village as it used to be depicted upon juvenile missionary magazines—the same white houses, black men, and palm trees—almost like windmills! Though the Portuguese are the rulers, most of the inhabitants are blacks. There are, however, none of the original inhabitants here now. They have removed inland. They are a weak and degraded race, who will not wear any clothing at all!

Our Boer friends, as I mentioned in a former letter, are going to join a "lost tribe" of fellow countrymen, and they mean to set up a sort of Government of their own, I believe, just re-enacting the establishment of the Transvaal as a separate State. The scandalous import duties levied on them on

landing are probably their last contribution to the Portuguese exchequer. These were very heavy—£20 on each of their six waggon; and on horses and goods in proportion. So I am informed. They all have rifles, and one of them said to me they would not interfere with the Portuguese if the Portuguese did not bother them. But, if the worst came to the worst, their 600 rifles would be equal to a good few Portuguese soldiers up country. With all their faults, these Boers are a resolute, stubborn, Scotch kind of folk. By the way, even in the Transvaal, they do not extend their hatred of the “English” to Scotchmen! And though often indolent and severe in their treatment of the natives, they have many good points.

Mossamedes used to be a very important telegraphic centre for African cable messages. But it is not so now. Still there stands a splendid house and garden capable of comfortably housing 20 or 30 of a staff. Three are all the men required now. They are all Englishmen, and we made their acquaintance, and some of us saw over all their very comfortable premises and the very fine telegraphic cable apparatus. They feel very much like exiles, and the advent of the “Lismore Castle” in the bay is an event which will be remembered and spoken about for years. Our attractive lady passengers were almost adored by the poor English fellows! One of them could hardly be got to answer the summons given a little while ago—“Any more for the shore?” I think I saw a tear in his eye. And if there was a dew on more than one responsive cheek on board—why, we must not be too hard on our ladies! Pity for the sorrows of a nice frank and accomplished young English fellow is so natural and so very amiable! I cannot repeat all the jokes and puns and conundrums



to which this episode has given rise. The names of one of the gentlemen and one of our ladies gave great facilities to our punsters !

While I write we have again put to sea, and our course now for a week will be N.W. for Cape Verde.

*14th June.*

We sighted Cape Verde to-day. It is a wild rocky shore. We saw it much better to-day than on our outward voyage. The country—Senegambia—seems wild and uncultivated.

*15th June.*

To-day we are off Cape Blanco, which is on the western confines of the great Sahara Desert. We have enjoyed our homeward voyage exceedingly. It has been quiet, of course. All told, there are only some forty passengers. But we quite enjoy the quiet rest. The captain, officers, doctor, purser, stewards, stewardess, and entire crew have each and all set themselves to make us as happy as possible. The attention we get is all the greater that our number is limited. And the food is really first-class, from the capital porridge and fresh milk—with which I always begin breakfast—to the entrees and fruit at our 6.30 dinner in the evening. Besides early tea or coffee in bed at 6, we have an elaborate breakfast at 8.30, beef-tea at 11, a luncheon with soups and hot dishes at 1, afternoon tea at 4, and dinner at 6.30. There is bread and butter, &c., for any who wish supper. It may encourage any who think that modern travelling, with all its hurry, is not conducive to health to know that I am nearly one stone heavier than when I set out less than three months ago !

R. M. S. LISMORE CASTLE, in the Bay of Biscay,  
*20th June.*

Since I wrote on the 15th inst., we have had a quiet enjoyable time, broken only by a visit to the Canary Islands. The sea continues almost quite smooth. It will give an idea of the extraordinary smoothness of the Cape trip when I say that on our outward voyage the "fiddles" for our dining-table were not used at all, and have only been used for two meals on our homeward trip. This is very smooth for 14,000 miles! We are at present in the famous Bay of Biscay O! The motion is almost as smooth as in the Kyles of Bute on a summer day. Of course it takes a good bit of a sea to knock about a vessel of between 4000 and 5000 tons! My good friend,



*Las Palmas, Grand Canary.*

Rev. Dr. Andrew (now of Stirling),\* must have had a worse experience in this Bay. He used to say he wondered why the old song was called "The Bay of Biscay O!"—(what the "O" signified)—but he added—"when I sailed through the Bay myself I found out what the O meant!"

On Monday morning at daybreak we arrived in Las Palmas Bay, Grand Canary. Our captain told us, many days before, the very hour we should be there, and this shows the certainty and punctuality of ocean travel nowadays in ordinary circumstances.

Seven of the Canary Islands are inhabited. Grand Canary and Teneriffe are the two most important. Each has an area roughly of 400 square miles, and a population of from 75,000 in the one to 90,000 in the other. Las Palmas has 20,000 inhabitants, and is a town like Funchal, Madeira, but not so beautifully situated. Canary is a great health resort, and is beating Madeira now in the competition for weak-chested Europeans. It is Spanish and so is a shade better governed than Madeira; which is Portuguese. There is a fine old Romish Cathedral, and the place, I am told, is greatly priest-ridden. Las Palmas is bare as compared with Madeira, but Grand Canary—inland—is a very fertile and beautiful island, and grows enormous quantities of fruit. Canary birds and canary wine, too, are famous.

My wife, Mrs Latter, a young married lady from the Orange Free State, and myself, made a little party to go on shore. We left the ship at six, and had early breakfast at the Hotel Metropole. It is about three miles of a drive from the pier to the town. The hotels here are very fine indeed, much better than the usual run in South Africa, and very

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\* Since deceased.

much cheaper. The fruits are varied and good. Fresh green figs, oranges, &c., were on our breakfast table. We afterwards drove to the Cathedral in time to hear High Mass. The ritual was very elaborate, and the rich dresses of the numerous priests and the adornments of the altar presented a significant contrast to the provisions for the comfort of the worshippers. Such a combination of squalor and grandeur is characteristic, I fear, of Spain and its religion and social condition. To us, of course, the ritual was meaningless in a great degree. The bowings and processions (interminable the walking about appeared to be) seemed absurd. When an old priest, who was the grandest of the crowd, passed us for the sixth or eighth time, "hirplin' like a hen on a het girdle," I said to my wife sympathetically, "There's that puir auld stock again!" The priests themselves seemed to accept the whole thing as a bit of a bore; and the young lads talked and laughed to each other when engaged in the "holy mysteries" in anything but a solemn mood.

### **Religion by Symbol and Ritual**

does not impress me. It looks all so much a theatrical business. To think that grown-up, intelligent men can be moved by such childishness! I cannot help feeling a kind of resentment towards those who offer us such stones of ceremonial in place of spiritual and intellectual food and stimulus. I always think that the Scottish Church Society men, who apparently would take Scotland back to the old musty, mechanical worship of the Dark Ages, must either be very weak-minded themselves, or that they must have a very poor opinion of the intelligence of their follow-countrymen—to think they can be influenced by such "childish-

things." Picture books and kindergarten religion are not for the robust minds of Scotsmen. They may do very well for Spaniards, but the Reformation and John Knox have not been quite forgotten by auld Scotland!

While I say these things, I am broad enough minded to believe that a certain class of people may be moved by ritual, posturing, &c. ; and I was very ill pleased with some English people who refused to kneel in the Cathedral while the "mysteries" were being celebrated. They had to be asked to leave the building. My wife, Mrs Latter, and I reverently bowed and knelt amongst a crowd of women in black veils and white veils, each repeating paternosters, crossing themselves, and counting off their beads. It was only good manners; for I suppose these women believed that Christ was really and bodily present in the wafer and wine, about which the fuss of bell-ringing, kneeling, &c., was made. I wonder what the Apostle Paul, however, would have thought had he peeped in to see the ongoing—he who so strongly asserted the spirituality of religion! There seems to me no end of the nonsense which may not be imported into simple Apostolic Christianity, if once it is admitted that we are at liberty to depart from New Testament simplicity and example.

The other evening, in spite of tropical heat, we had

### **A Concert and Dance**

on the after-deck. We had the second saloon piano brought up, and our good Doctor with his banjo made some capital music and sang very witty and humorous songs. A very considerable amount of musical talent was discovered amongst the gentlemen passengers, but the ladies were "very backward to come forward!" This, however, did not apply to the dance which followed.

I twice danced the "Lancers." I have not done the like above twice or thrice for thirty years!

At Las Palmas we got a considerable number of new passengers. Our saloon is now fairly well filled at meals. The new-comers are mostly making the cheap summer circular cruise to this charming region. They tell us the heat is not at all oppressive in Las Palmas.

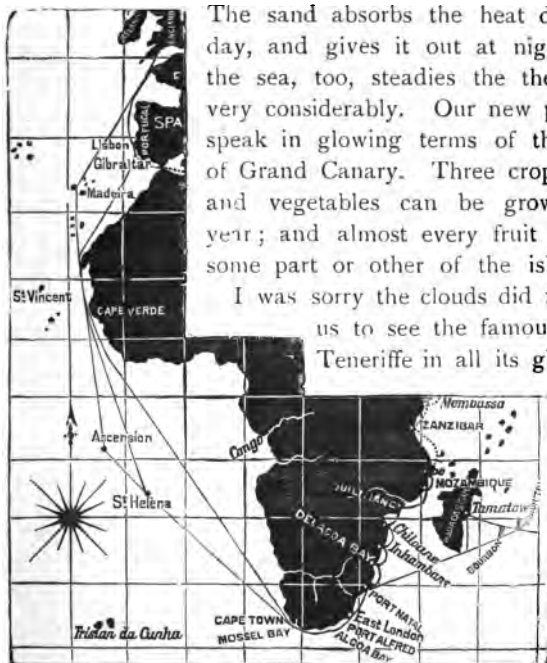
### **The Temperature of the Canaries**

is very equable summer and winter. It is said to vary only some ten or twelve degrees during the whole year. The night and day temperatures are almost equal during all the twenty-four hours—and so dry and nice to breathe!

The sand absorbs the heat during the day, and gives it out at night. Then the sea, too, steadies the thermometer very considerably. Our new passengers speak in glowing terms of the fertility of Grand Canary. Three crops of grain and vegetables can be grown in the year; and almost every fruit thrives in some part or other of the island.

I was sorry the clouds did not permit us to see the famous Peak of Teneriffe in all its glory.

This wonderful mountain is about sixty miles from Las Palmas Bay, and can be clearly



seen from this when not obscured by cloud. Indeed, it can be seen over 120 miles off. For it is over 12,000 feet high, and is covered with perpetual snow, although situated in such a tropical region—only some 28 degrees north latitude. The sides of the hill present an epitome of the world's vegetation from the Tropics to the perpetual snows of Greenland!

In a final letter, I shall try to sum up my impressions of the Cape Trip. I fear I have been very discursive and personal. But there are some respects in which jottings, made on the spot—without the aid of guide books—although perhaps not so instructive, are more interesting than elaborate treatises. Pepy's Diary is more amusing and, in its way, perhaps not less instructive than Macaulay's History, which owes so much to it.

In concluding my notes of travel, I desire to give

### **Some General Impressions**

which may be of interest to those who have thoughts of going to the Cape for employment, enjoyment, or health. To the first I would say—If you have a handicraft and cannot find employment at home, "Go at once! But you must have a few pounds upon which to live till you can fall in with an employer." This was what every person told me all over the colonies, and I believe it is correct. Joiners, mechanics, engineers, and such like craftsmen have half a dozen chances of employment in South Africa to one in the old country. They have, of course, to work under more trying conditions often, with regard to heat and dust. But, on the other hand, wages are much higher. Money, however, is not got for the picking up and sometimes there is a glut in the labour market with

regard to special lines. (My remarks are, of course, general.) I did not hear of a single tradesman like those I have specified, or a shoemaker, tailor, saddler, or such like going idle for want of work when I was there. One thing is essential—more essential than at home—viz., perfect steadiness.

**Teetotalers have a much better chance**

of saving money than even very moderate drinkers. Mere labourers need not go out. The blacks supply all the unskilled labour. Clerks, with only a few years' experience in an office, need not go to South Africa. Office hands should secure a billet before going to the Cape, and not trust to falling in with one after arrival. The nondescript who is willing "to do anything" is not much wanted in Africa. (He generally can "do nothing" very well.) But specially good knowledge of, for instance, horses, cattle, or



***Gold Mine in the Rand.***



sheep may secure employment, faithfulness in which may lead to advancement.

I believe there is a great future for agriculture, fruit-growing, and market gardening in South Africa ; but a ploughman is little use without capital. Eggs in some places are 7s per dozen, and vegetables near the mining centres are very expensive. I believe gardeners will do well, as Johannesburg continues to grow in size and wealth.

### **Teachers are not in such demand**

there that I would advise any one to go out without previously securing a situation. But well-educated young women of good character are in great demand for domestic service. And the demand is likely to be steady, as so many girls make good marriages after a short time in the country.

The want of rain in many places and destruction by locusts are two of the farmers' trials. But taking the country as a whole, it seems to me extraordinary that grain, eggs, meat, and milk have to be imported. The quantity of condensed milk used in South Africa is enormous, and this fact is a scandal upon the farming enterprise of the country as a whole. I do not refer to the mining districts only, but to districts around the principal towns as well. Of course, dairymen have to contend with the hot climate and the scarcity of succulent food. But, considering the price—6d per quart bottle is a common price for milk even in small towns—I think more milk might be produced.

Tourists can hardly make a mistake in South Africa. Go where they may, they will find much to interest them. For scenery, I would recommend the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town, Knysna, and

Natal. To see native life, the Eastern Province and up country—the further the better—are best. In Cape Town, Grahamstown, Durban, and Johannesburg, the tourist will find most of the fashionable society and gaiety. Maritzburg may be added to the list, and it is the best centre for making excursions by road.

Those in search of health should be very careful as to where they settle. The varieties as to temperature, humidity (*steadiness* of both especially), rainfall, and general condition are endless. I must here say a warning word. It is

### **Absolute Cruelty**

to send a person to the Cape who has not been able from bad lungs, for instance, to work at home. If he is not able to support himself for a while without working, he is almost sure to have to go, for health purposes, to a place where he cannot find employment, or to an unsuitable place for his health to find a means of support. Some people at home seem to think that, once landed at Cape Town, a delicate person is provided for! Many such, without means, annually die sooner than they would have done at home, where they would have been surrounded by kind friends. While I say this, I am aware of the almost miraculous way in which some asthmatic and consumptive patients get perfectly strong in South Africa. I have known of many such. The important thing is *that they go to the Cape before they are too far gone*, and then take care where they settle and what they are employed at. The dryness of the air up country is marvellous. On the Karoo and in some places in the Free State a steel knife may lie outside for many weeks and not rust! A wet sponge laid outside in the evening is dry and crisp in

the morning! Such a climate will sometimes prolong to old age lives which are not worth a year's purchase in Scotland.

The pleasantest time, on the whole, and the prettiest, in South Africa is the spring,—that is, September and October. People, of course, like to escape the rigours of our British winter, and start often only in November. But

### **The Summer is Trying**

in most of the country, except to those who can enjoy great heat. For two or three months touring we chose right, I think, in going out early in April. The heat was not too great for travelling, and although winter was begun, it was often as warm as our summer.

We found the incessant packing and unpacking of our luggage a great trouble, rushing over the country as we did. This is avoided by "sticking to the ship" as headquarters, and making mere excursions inland. But the best way to avoid trouble in this respect is to take as little luggage as possible. Washing and dressing can be found at all the principal towns.

There are many advantages, to people situated as we have been, in coming home by an intermediate steamer instead of a mail boat. After travelling so much as we did in South Africa, the rest and quiet are welcome. We have not had the concerts and dancing and games and band playing which made the Tantalion Castle so lively on the outward voyage. But after journeying 2000 miles by rail, 800 by sea, and 200 by post cart, we were in quite a fit condition to sit quietly gazing at the blue sky and bluer water, and to enjoy the brilliant sunshine, and to profit from regular meals. Even on a quiet "intermediate"

there is plenty of company to engage one in interesting conversation when so inclined, and books are always available. Then the meals are not only as good as on the mail boats, but, I think, even better. Nowhere on land or sea have I tasted better bread of all kinds, and the cooking is really first-class—perhaps all the better because there are fewer for whom to cook. Games of all kinds can be played by six or eight, and we have had some excellent music, and one good concert and dance. The beau-ideal, I think, is to go out by mail and come home by intermediate. In this way, too, one sees the Canaries as well as Madeira, and St Helena and Ascension are sometimes thrown in, and even Lisbon.

South Africa is still

### **The Sportsman's Paradise.**

But the big game is now mostly found a thousand miles up country. There are still some springbok and small game, like our own, in Cape Colony and the Free State. Elephants, lions, leopards, hippopotami, and such animals, are now mostly found only north of the Limpopo, and, where existing further south, are strictly preserved, or are very rare. Still, a day's excellent shooting is easily procured. We were offered many such, but could not accept them, owing to our anxiety to get over the greatest distance in the limited time at our disposal.

In concluding, I must bear my testimony to the high and well-deserved character for hospitality to strangers which the Cape bears. Everywhere we met with a frank and unconstrained kindness, very different from what we in the old country are accustomed to extend to strangers. As amongst other colonial popu-

tations, there is a great desire to uphold the credit of their country in this respect, and to make things pleasant to people from the mother country. I like

### **The Africander Type**

of Briton. He has much of the "go" of the American or Australian, and his reverence for British institutions and pride in his lineage are intensified by his position amongst so many other races—Dutch, German, French, Portuguese, Scandinavian, and oriental, besides negroes of various races. We found the Scotchmen exceedingly Scotch, and I am bound to say, next to the Jews, the most successful of all the immigrants. The ladies are very fine-looking, and have a peculiar charm in their easy manners. They live very much in the open air, and dress very well. Riding and driving are much more common at the Cape than amongst ladies in the same social grade at home. They are just a trifle too fond of showing off their jewellery for my taste.

I was surprised at the amount of religious life in South Africa, and, with the exception of Roman Catholics and High Church people, all seem to fraternise very cordially. The Y.M.C.A. is frequently a common meeting ground, which may yet lead to larger co-operation and good feeling.

The spread of education and European ways amongst the native population marks a transition time in their history. In spite of the opinion of many on the spot, who cannot, however, judge any better or so well as neutrals can, I hold that we are bound to educate and raise these fallen races, and Christianise them too. They cannot be kept always as "the simple children of the human family," and, if we do

not teach them our virtues, they may be trusted to acquire and intensify our vices! To arrange a Customs Union is a first preliminary to a United South Africa. To the latter consummation the Transvaal Boers are the chief obstacle. But I find everywhere—even amongst the Boers, and I have had some exceptional opportunities of talking the matter over with typical Dutchmen—that the present state of matters cannot last in the Transvaal. Not only by the influx of British and other Europeans, but by the “treking” of Boers to regions beyond the bounds of the South African Republic, the Transvaal is fast becoming Boer only in name. The Government, too, is partaking of the leavening process. While we were in the country the progressives in

### **The Parliament at Pretoria**

for the first time had a majority on some important question.\* Let us hope that the revolution, when it comes, may be a peaceful one. It will require wise heads and firm hands in our colonial office at home to direct the current of events. They are only very ignorant Boers who continue to boast that they “whipped England” and could do it again. But, if it should come to blows—which I cannot believe—there must be no turning back if once the hand be put to the plough which will for ever overturn Boer supremacy in the whole region.

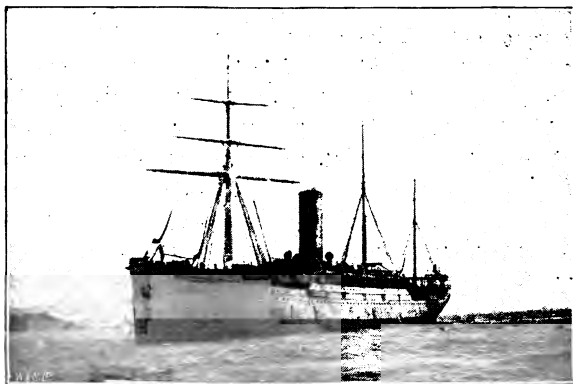
South Africa and the voyage to it, viewed as affording means for recuperating physical and mental energy, cannot be praised too highly. An invalid must be far gone if he cannot enjoy and profit by the voyage out and back. This can be done by mail-boat

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\* “Jameson’s Raid” reversed all this Boer movement, and so led to subsequent trouble.—*D. S. S.*

in about eight weeks—without troubling to leave the ship for a night, and going as far as Natal—and with plenty of time to go on shore some eight or nine times in going and returning. Considering that the distance covered is 14,000 miles, and the accommodation and *cuisine* so good, the time and fares are very reasonable.

THE END.



***R.M.S. Tantalion Castle.***

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